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Week of September 3, 1944



Zodiac Girls by Willy Pogany Virgo

VIRGO, "The Virgin," is the sixth sign of the zodiac. In all ages and among all peoples this constellation was associated with the harvest. Among the Peruvians, Virgo bore the name of "Earth Mother." And the Egyptians credited her with forming the Milky Way by scattering wheat-heads through the sky. The legends of the ancients identified her with Astraea, the Goddess of Justice. (See Next Page)

The Mystery of the Hijacking Ghosts

THE prefect of the Naples police paced back and forth in his little office. He talked as he walked. On a dilapidated leather couch, an American major and a British colonel sat listening to the Italian chief pour out his woes in halting English.

"The case," he said as he blotted his brow nervously with a red bandanna, "she drive me nuts." Wearily, he dropped into his battered chair.

Then from a drawer he drew several thick folders and passed them to the two Army officers. It was the police report on hijacking in Naples.

For months, thieves had been preying on American and British Army supplies. Hardly a night went by that something wasn't stolen from the trucks as they rumbled through the blacked-out city. At first, Army officials, busy with more important things, hadn't paid much attention to the thievery, figuring that the Naples police could run down these racketeers.

But when the robberies increased, they decided to do something about it. The distraught police chief was nearly beside himself trying to figure how the hijackers got away with their loot.

"They musta be ghosts," he told the officers.

And no wonder he thought so. Army trucks, under close police watch, were loaded on the Naples docks. When they reached their supply dumps—after no stops en route—part of their loads were always missing. Sometimes a bale of blankets would be gone. Or a crate of tinned goods. Or several sacks of flour.

The drivers, like the police, were completely mystified. On some trips, detectives rode along. But the stuff still vanished.

After getting the prefect's full report, the two Army officers left his office.

"Ghosts!" snorted the colonel as they went down the rickety stairs of police headquarters. "I jolly well don't subscribe to that theory."

"Nor do I," said the major. "The thing for you and me to do is a

little spying of our own."

That night the British and American officers hid themselves in a bombed-out house along a street that was used by the trucks. The mystery of the disappearing goods was solved with the first vehicle that lumbered by.

While the amazed officers watched, two small boys ran from an alleyway and expertly swung themselves over the tailboard. They tossed off several sacks. When the truck eased up for the next corner,

they jumped off. No sooner had the load rumbled by than several sewer covers were stealthily tilted upwards. Small arms reached out for the bags. In a flash all the stuff disappeared.

Within an hour a small army of Neapolitan cops and GI Joes went into action. When every sewer exit was guarded, a dozen or more man-

hole covers were pried loose. Men moved cautiously down ladders into the dank muck of the city's ancient system of sewers.

There was a lot of scurrying and scattering. The flashlights of the raiders picked out many running figures that threw sinister shadows on the curved stone ceilings of the subterranean passageways. Shouts echoed from the dripping walls.

They rounded up more than 50 youngsters. The kids were dirty, ragged and scared. The oldest was 14 and the baby of the gang was a thin lad of seven.

The soldiers and the police had expected something different because they had run into Neapolitan looters before. Most of these culprits were grown-up thugs requiring rough treatment. The raiders fired no bullets at their frightened captives. They didn't manhandle them, either. Many of the kids didn't seem to understand that they were doing anything wrong. They thought they were helping Italy.

Several big caches of Army food and equipment were found piled up in the foul darkness. And the "ghosts" admitted that a lot of loot had been taken away by their boss—a middle-aged Fagin who paid his youthful gangsters only a few lire a night for their thievery.



The Spooks Turned Out to Be a Clever Gang of Youngsters Who Hid Their Loot in the Dank and Murky Network of the City's Sewers.

Where Roses Pay the Rent

BY the payment of one fresh rose, the members of the Zion Lutheran Church of Manheim, Pa., cleaned up their rent the other day for another whole year.

In 1772, Baron William Henry von Stiegel, a colonial glass manufacturer, deeded a plot for a church, and stipulated that the congregation pay "one red rose annually in the month of June forever if the same shall be law-

fully demanded by the heirs, executors, or assigns."

For 172 years, church officials have been faithfully going through the ceremony of presenting a rose. This year it was accepted by Mrs. Laura Boyer Fager of Harrisburg, Pa., who was representing the Stiegel heirs.

Another Pennsylvania church

—the Tulpehocken Trinity Reformed Church of Richland—settles its rent bill in the same odd, and fragrant manner each year.

In 1745 Caspar Wistar, a famous button manufacturer in Philadelphia, deeded 100 acres to the congregation, the only compensation to be one red rose a year "forever."

If Mercury Rules You

By VINCENT LOPEZ
Famous Orchestra Leader

VIRGO (the virgin) is your astrological sign if you were born from August 23 to September 22 of any year. Mercury is your ruling planet.

You have the enviable quality of being competent, though at times you are apt to be a little fussy. You are thoughtful but not always considerate of others. Organization is your keyword. You combine honesty with a serious and contemplative mind.

Though slow to express yourself, you speak to the point once you

master a subject. You sometimes waste too much time over unnecessary details. You have a tendency to pamper yourself and to worry needlessly about your health. At times you are overcautious, thus failing to make the most of your opportunities. You grasp things easily and quickly and are blessed with unusual stamina. An ability to recuperate rapidly stands you in good stead in illness or misfortune.

A desire to help and a willingness to have people depend on you leads you to put yourself out for others often to your own inconvenience. You are an idealist, but in a practical way



When the Single Red Rose Changed Hands, the Church Rent Was Paid in Full for Another Year.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Beatrice Scott of Los Angeles, Calif.



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a Los Angeles skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some average. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive lather... as you would a cream. Do this for a full 60 seconds. This cleansing massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Rinse and dry. That's all!



"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was smoother, cleaner, finer! Later I learned many skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS IN ONLY 14 DAYS!

- Brighter, cleaner skin •Finer texture •Better tone
- Fewer blemishes •Less dryness •Less oiliness
- Smoother skin •Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

P.S. For tub or shower, try Palmolive in the New Big Bath Size! It's big! Generous! Thrifty! And men love it!

"Rudy likes me full of fun even on wash-day... and I am, thanks to Super Suds' **extra suds!**"



"Those RICH, SPUNKY SUDS treat good things with kid gloves... like this pretty rayon night-gown and my best slips."

Mrs. Rudolph Riedel says: "MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS from this grand new soap cut down rubbin' time. That means a lot to me... and to my good disposition!"



"I trust the girls' nice dresses to Super Suds any time. HARD-WORKIN' SUDS, but gentle on materials. And on my hands too!"

"PINCHPENNY SUDS FROM MY OLD SOAP. MOSTLY AIR... AND GONE BEFORE I HAD A GOOD LOOK AT 'EM!"

"LUMPY, UNDISSOLVED STUFF IN THE BOTTOM! HOW DID I EVER GET SUDS? HARD TO RINSE OUT TOO!"



"HONEST, SUPER SUDS GAVE OFF SO MUCH MORE SUDS, THEY FOAMED OVER. LONG-LASTIN' SUDS TOO!"

"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF HERE. ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS... A REAL SOAP SAVING!"

"TUNE IN 'BLONDIE' SUNDAY NIGHTS. See radio page for time and station"

Super Suds

FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

"The milk-bottle suds test" showed me how to get EXTRA SUDS." Shake up a teaspoon of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water (even hard or cool water) in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another bottle. See if you don't get more suds, longer-lasting suds, from Super Suds.

DON'T WASTE SOAP! Vital materials needed to win the war are used in making soap

Mushrooms Can Be Giants

Maybe Mammoth Fungi Will Move Into the Corner Grocery Soon, So You'd Better Get Acquainted With the Good and Bad Goliaths Now

EVEN the most thrifty housewife might be overwhelmed if she came face to face with a ten- or twenty-pound mushroom on her morning shopping tour; or could select a giant fungus three feet across for her special beef-steak sauce.

But somewhere in the world there are such things.

Goliaths and Gullivers of the fungus clan—like a lot of other marvels—may crop up at the corner grocer's in the "fabulous" post-war days. Then the criterion of just being sure you're not buying a poisonous toadstool will prove a back-number way of selecting these delicacies for the table.

Not all the mammoth mushroom varieties are edible, either. One kind, *Amanita Muscaria*, is dried and smoked by certain Orientals, yet it is a deadly poison. Another poisonous variety, *Ungulina Ynzhbgae*, grows on oak trees and looks for all the world like a gigantic rock.

Nearly all mushrooms are scavengers, growing on organic matter from decaying plants or animals. They lack the "machinery" for manufacturing food from air, water and substance found in ordinary soil. Gourmets don't worry about this and nutritionists find the succulent fungi rich in vitamins and minerals.



Even "Ordinary" Mushrooms Sometimes Grow as Large as a Human Hand and Such Oversized Fungi Are the Special Delight of Any Gourmet.



"Tricholome Des castes," the Multiple Mushroom, Weighs Ten or Twenty Pounds and Is Made Up of Many Spores All Growing From One Parent Stalk.



The Parasol Mushroom Is Only a Minor Giant Measuring About Six Inches Across and Growing Nearly a Foot High. Unlike Most of Its Clan It Prefers Pastures and Fields to Damp Dark Places.



Amanita Muscaria, an Orange Mushroom with Beige Spots, Is Found in Europe and Asia During Autumn Months.



Largest Known Mushroom, *Ungulina Ynzhbgae*, Found in France, Measures Three Feet Across and Is Inedible.



Epicures Say the Rare *Exoascus Corvelis* Is One of the Finest Tasting of All Mushrooms.



The Joke Was on Zero When the Captain Said, "Attention!" and His Pants Stood "At Ease."

By CHARLES ROBBINS

ZERO MOSTEL, latest comedy attraction of Broadway and Hollywood, has won a lot of attention with his impersonation of a Senator, who, on hearing of the bombing of a remote island in the Pacific, demands indignantly:

"Well, what was it doing way out there in the ocean, anyhow?"

That by now famous remark, in a slightly altered form, came home to roost a few weeks ago, when a night club ringsider interrupted the comedian's act by shouting:

"Hey, Zero, what's your wife doing way out there in Reno, anyhow?"

Mr. Mostel ignored the incident, but when a reporter, armed with the same question, called at his home several days later, he responded fully.

Mr. Mostel lives in a New York apartment which must have been constructed by a canal engineer; it is made up of four rooms in a straight line, each room being four steps higher than the one before—like locks.

The whole place is lavishly decorated with oils and water colors, done by the comedian before he turned to more remunerative work.

When the reporter arrived Mr. Mostel was running around barefoot, like a wild thing out of another of his most widely known skits. This one is called the wooing of Hedy Lamarr by Actor Charles Boyer ("Hedy, I love you! You love me! I love you! You love me! Monotonous, isn't it? Hedy, I want to run through your hair—barefoot!")

As the reporter asked his question about Mrs. Mostel, Mrs. Mostel's husband answered as follows:

"I was born in Brooklyn on Feb. 28, 1915. A year later my family moved to Moodus, Conn., where we lived ten years. Then the mortgage was foreclosed, and we went back to Brooklyn."

"I don't think you get the idea," interrupted the reporter. "What I wanted to find out about was your wife. Why has she gone to Reno?"

"I am coming to her," Mr. Mostel replied blandly and continued: "At school I was nicknamed Zero, on ac-

'Attention!' barked the captain, looking at me. 'Not at ease!' 'Mon capitaine,' I replied, 'It's not me that's at ease! It's my uniform!'"

Here the reporter ventured:

"Eut, how about your wife?"

"Ah, yes," sighed Mr. Mostel. "Well, we never had a Home, Sweet Home sign in our living room, the little woman



Cafe Society Screamed at Mostel's Jokes—but His Wife Couldn't Seem to Get the Point.

count of my grade marks.

"At college I did still better. They had only a few fine arts courses, and I took them over and over, making high grades the third time around."

"I also rose to be a private in the college R. O. T. C., but was broken in rank during a Charter Day review. We had, been ordered to stand at attention."

"Eut, how about your wife?"

"Ah, yes,"

sighed Mr. Mostel.

"Well, we never had a Home, Sweet Home sign in our living room, the little woman

"Size 20," Zero Size, and the Clerk

Sized a Tape Measure and Went to Work.



At an Early Age, as the Zany Tells It, He Was Fortunately Simon Legreat Off the Farm.

and I. We had one that read, 'There is nothing a man can do a woman can't do—worse.'

"Which brings me to my next wife: she is going to have to be a midget, because if she were big, of course, it might be bigamy. She won't have to have any money, either—as long as she's wealthy—and I guess it would be better if she didn't speak English, because, if she did, I might

me: That's your hat over there, isn't it?"

The reporter looked at him and took the hint and the hat.

P.S. While the reporter was resting up it was ascertained from a usually reliable source that Mrs. Clara Mostel had got a divorce in Reno.



Why Mrs. Zero Ran to Reno

Mimic Mostel, the Zany, Takes Great Pains to Explain His Wife's Flight for Liberty—But After All Is Said, It Appears Not Too Surprising

have trouble misunderstanding her. It happened at a house party."

The reporter asked: "What happened at a house party?"

"That's how I got into show business—at a house party. Before, I had been eking out a livelihood at painting but, at this party I gave a couple of impersonations and a press agent came up to me and said:

"Where are you working? 'In the studio,' I said. 'MCM or Paramount?' he said. 'My own studio,' I said. 'Monotonous, isn't it?' So he got me a job at a night club."

"Anyhow, being in the chips, now, I collected twelve 12-year-old cousins of mine and took them into a haberdasher's. Nobody paid any attention to us, so I shouted, 'Can't a man buy a dozen shirts without getting some attention?'"

"That brought a salesman. 'I want shirts for these kids,' I told him. 'What size?' he says, so I size 'Size

20 collar and 42 sleeve. Am I being specific?' Instead of answering, he pulls out some tape and zips it around one of my cousin's necks—or neck."

"Hey!" I hollered. 'Stop garroting that boy!' And I'll be doggoned if they didn't kick us out of the store!"

"Your wife," muttered the reporter.

"Quite so," replied Zero. "I agree with John Barrymore. 'The only way to fight a woman,' he said, 'is with your hat. Grab it and run!' Which reminds me: That's your hat over there, isn't it?"

The reporter looked at him and took the hint and the hat.

P.S. While the reporter was resting up it was ascertained from a usually reliable source that Mrs. Clara Mostel had got a divorce in Reno.



"While the Jap Officers Watched, Slit-Eyed and Smirking, Slim Balinese Girls, Impassive as Goddesses, Commenced the Slow, Graceful Postures of an Ancient Dance."

The LONG ROAD BACK

No. 2—Death Dance in Bali.

BALI was always a gentle place, filled with slim, graceful women, light-skinned, laughing children, and men whose pleasures were simple, whose loyalties were certain. Their land is a lovely one with Gunung Agung, the sleeping volcano, the power that overshadows them.

Under Dutch rule they went about their duties, each village a unit in itself. They tilled their sawahs, those flooded terrace rice fields that make the Bali landscape a series of mirrors reflecting the blue sky and the sword-leaved betel palms, and amused themselves with ancient ritual dances, shadow plays and cockfights.

Their gay little open air temples were shrines where Hindus and Buddhists, alike, made their simple devotions.

Yet they are a proud race with blood lines going way back.

They are clean, too, each caste having its own place, and every man clad in bright sarong and carefully arranged batik headdress.

They wear the kris as an emblem of gentility. Those flame-like weapons have jewelled hilts and their blades are sharp, damascened as they are

by the pandes, the kris-smith caste, proud lower members of the gusti, or warrior caste.

In 1894 during the Lombok war, the Radja of Lombok ordered his gamelan orchestra to play throughout one of the biggest battles outside his town. The Dutch troops were astounded by the racket of gongs and the war cries of the Balinese.

And a whole Dutch regiment was captured. According to an eyewitness, Captain W. Cool, they were marched before the Balinese troops.

"They were all armed," Captain Cool reported, "yet they maintained a respectful attitude. Not an offensive word was said or a threatening hand raised."

The prisoners were fed with white rice and drinks of orange and coconut, and returned as a gesture towards peace.

In 1904 the Dutch, after blockading Bali, landed to attack some of the Radjas. The common people, peaceful under the teaching of their Brahman pedandas, or priests, took little notice, leaving the fighting to the gustis.

They fought bravely with their golden spears, but the Dutch rifles drove them back until the palace of the Radja at Den Pesar, which later became a famous tourist resort and the center of Bali culture, was surrounded.

The Radja, his generals, princes, princesses, concubines, even their children, dressed in their ceremonial sarongs and wore their ancestral gold krites, emblems of virility.

In the morning a strange and glittering procession left the palace. The Radja, shimmering with

The Ruthless Jap Jugernaut Could Conquer But Not Enslave the Ancient Warrior Peoples of the Eastern Seas; And Now It Can Be Told How They Waged a Savage Underground Struggle With Parang and Kris and Subtle, Age-Old Cunning to Prepare the Way for Our Eventual March on Tokio

jewels, upon the shoulders of four of his great men and shaded by the royal golden umbrellas, led the way, gripping his diamond hilted kris.

The generals, women and children followed, silently, their perfume going before them, the women carrying golden krites and stabbing spears.

They marched down what is now the main avenue of Den Pesar, and as they rounded the corner the Dutch Army stood 300 yards away.

The commander ordered them to stop. But they marched on silently, every man's eyes on the ground. This ghostly procession continued until only 70 feet separated them from the levelled rifles of the Dutch troops.

"Adoh! Adoh!" yelled the generals, and the whole party charged into the sitting muzzles.

First to fall was the Radja, and his men and women scrambled, stabbing themselves, to die upon his body.

When the Dutch refused to fire any more, the women killed themselves, until the road was a welter of blood and gaily dressed corpses.

Another group, led by the Radja's twelve-year-old brother, advanced down the road until they, too, joined the heaps of dead on the ground.

THEY say that only one of the great men still lives, for he was a small baby when the puppets sacrificed his fathers.

The Dutch casualties were one sergeant, stabbed by a woman.

And that ended the war with the Dutch.

But the Dutch rule did not last long. They were benevolent conquerors and taught the Balinese many good things, yet few of them could understand that strange pride that would make a



Gendreau Photo

Outside Their Village Temples Girls of Bali, Carefully Chosen for Beauty and Family, Learn the Steps of Their Ceremonial Dances.

man kill himself rather than accept "dishonor." How can the Japs understand such people? There is little in Bali to attract the yellow ones. But they remember the rounded Bali girls who were sold as slaves as far as Reunlon, back in the 17th century.

Den Pesar, with its fine Bali Hotel, is a resort still, but for Jap officers and their men.

They have forbidden Balinese to wear the kris and that has made the fierce pandes lose face. Now the krises are hidden in the private-house shrines. No longer may a prince marry a girl to his kris. He may not bring it out to encourage his family, lest a sneaking spy report him.

But there is a tale of 12 pandes, 12 kris-smiths, who had lost face. And among them, it is said, was the one gusti, he whose father had died in the Puputan in 1904.

Well, the Jap commandant had some visitors; high ranking Jap officers. They swaggered about the clean verandas of the Bali Hotel, screeching orders at the impassive stewards, calling to the stern-faced girls who now cover their breasts. And the commandant wanted to impress them.

"We will have a dancing," he giggled. "These silly people like to dance but we have forbidden it. Still, on this occasion, we will permit them to dance their stupid old dances."

"Among them," he winked, "will be a legong, the dance of the virgins. We shall be able to choose some pretty playthings."

THAT day the kulkul, the long, slotted signal drum, spoke from the temple, and in the rice sheds they heard the throb of the gamelans, tinkling notes of xylophones, the bong of drums, the clash of cymbals and the soft flutes.

In two days the dance would take place, and the girls and young men from many villages stole past the Japs to practice their ancient arts.

Then the dance was ready, and near a great wiringen tree, the sacred banyan that stands near every village, the space was cleared and the gamelan assembled.

The Japs, filled with wine and puffing long, green Dutch cigars, strode through the gaily-clad crowd that pressed back to let them through.

They did not see that the crowd did not look at them nor make signs as they usually did when a Jap shadow fell across them. They did not see these things because they did not know that to the Balinese they were dead.

So they took their places on plush chairs brought from the hotel, and listened superciliously to the delicate tinkling of the orchestra, while 20 young men, bare-chested and in batik sarongs, beat their intricate rhythms.

Suddenly there was a change in the music. The large gongs beat out a challenge, and into the cleared space paced 12 men clad in white triangular headresses and skintight trousers. They marched in line, fingers outstretched, each man carrying a long spear, its blade of gold.

The Jap commandant whispered an order and his orderly doubled out of the crowd.

"Silly peoples," simpered the officer. "They carry spears. I think they are imitation. But we will have an escort in case they try anything."

The others grinned, loosened their pistols and watched the strange dance.

"What is this?" snapped the commandant to the kilang, or the headman.

"The baris, tuan," he replied.

"The legong?"

"That comes later, tuan."

"Well then, get on with your stupid foolery."

The commandant looked beyond him as a file of grinning Jap soldiers formed behind the chairs. He grinned again as the Balinese silently moved back into the shadows and quietly disappeared.

"They fear us," he snickered. "Better for them. The show is for us. I will give them extra work tomorrow for their insolence."

SUDDENLY the 12 dancers separated into two parallel lines. They pranced, shaking their spears, their eyes blazing.

Then two stopped, pointing at each other and rolling their eyes as though in towering rage. They strode towards each other and halted, heads back, fingers bent in eloquent gestures.

Suddenly the spears were levelled and they fought a beautifully stylized duel, the spears stabbing, guarding, their points just missing the breasts of each other.

Through the six duels they went, each one posing against his opposite number in the group.

"It is exciting to watch," simpered an aide. "They strut about very much like the Samurai of old."

The people had gone, and the troops standing guard behind the officers were fidgeting, bored. But the dance continued, and the silver pot gongs continued to clang out their martial rhythm.

Again the dancers paraded with blossoms at each side of their headresses. Again they danced. But this time they posed, eyes round, and with graceful arms seemed to admire the Jap officers. They smirked, pointing and strutting, calling attention to their uniforms, their medals.

"H-shi! They admire us," the commandant grinned. "They dance this one in our honor!"

"See, they are laying down their spears. It is a dance of surrender where the

princes abase themselves before their conquerors!"

For the dancers had indeed laid down their spears and they were posing, flowers held between their fingers, their eyes crossed. They whirled and knelt before the Japs.

The Japs did not know that the Balinese apologize before they kill.

THEY leaned back, grinning. Then the dancers stepped back. Their hands were upraised, and suddenly they reached down behind their shoulders and slashed forth great gold-bladed krises.

Before the Japs could move they were dead, and the screaming Balinese were leaping over them at the soldiers.

The soldiers ducked back across the road. Yet four died before the dancers were shot.

Thus did the pande regain face and the gusti who died went to his reincarnation knowing full well that his next life would be an honorable one.

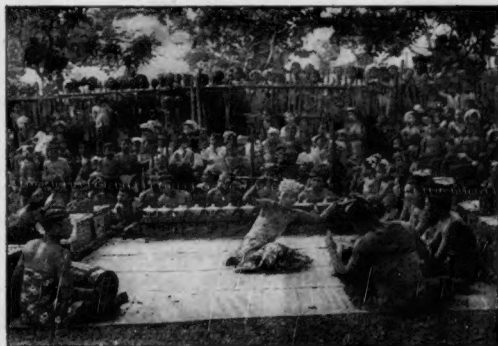
The Japs went through that village and burned every house. Every bullock was shot by screeching Japs who had been told to do as they liked with the pretty village. They chased howling dogs and halved them with their swords.

They polluted the wells, defiled the temple and crucified the Pandita. They pegged out men on ant hills and trod old women into the mud of their own paddy fields.

Then they worked their will on the shrinking, sobbing dancing girls. Not one, from the youngest to the oldest, was spared.

But the Balinese are a patient people. They will never forget these humiliations.

Next week's article will tell how the natives of Thal wreaked vengeance on the Japs with a herd of wild elephants.



Gallwey Photo

Ancient Warrior Rituals, Set to Dance Rhythms, Inflame the Balinese Underground to Revolt.



"Cheery colors stay gay as a hit tune—when you're onto

TWICE the Wear with Ivory Flakes care!"

1. *No singin' the blues for me."*

says Mrs. Alan Strock of Washington, D. C., "even though my husband is overseas. Daytimes I'm busy as a bee working—nights, warbling for the boys at the Canteen. Alan likes me in bright, cheery colors—so I keep on wearing them even when he's away. Gee, I'm glad I'm onto twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care."



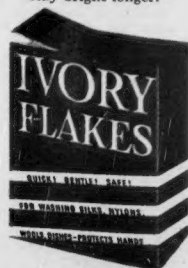
2. *"Give your washables a break,"*

pleads Mrs. Strock, "don't treat them roughly with the wrong kind of soap. It just doesn't make sense with new clothes so expensive and hard to find." Dresses, housecoats, undies, sweaters will give as much as twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care. Dozens of wash tests prove it! So, remember, not just your stockings need gentle Ivory Flakes sudings! All your nice washables do—to help them stay pretty longer!



3. *"Make Ivory Flakes last longer, too,"*

says Mrs. Strock. "Soap is a vital war material. Don't waste it. Even a little of the flake form of pure, mild Ivory Soap helps your pretty washables stay bright longer."



Wash tests prove the Ivory Flakes way,

Helps keep "pretties" bright and gay!

Real Life Tragedy of Hungary's Movie Queen

Red-Headed Catharine Karady Lived a Melodrama, and, With the Other Actors of the Heroic Underground, Perished in the Final Act

A LOVE story that might have changed the course of history ended the other day in a Budapest bank vault that was fireproof and bombproof but not proof against bullets of Nazi executioners.

Two crisp fusillades, echoing through concrete corridors, cut short the war-born idyll of General Stephen Ujszaszi, chief of Hungary's Department of State Security, and beautiful Catharine Karady, Hungary's most popular movie actress.

They called Catharine the Hungarian Garbo. As a lovely red-haired child, she had married a poor young farmer in a small Hungarian village. But Ladislav Bekeffy, noted Hungarian playwright, actor and theatre-owner, met her. He took her to Budapest and put her in a play.

After a short but spectacular career on the stage, Catharine went into motion pictures and became a star.

As the Nazi pressure on Hungary increased, Bekeffy became a leader of the Hungarian underground.

"And how about me?" Catharine demanded.

Before long Catharine was deep in the underground "telegraph agency," which listened to Allied broadcasts and spread the news, and in the "escape chain," which led prisoners of war and enforced laborers from Germany into Tito's outposts in Yugoslavia.

That didn't seem enough. In February, 1943, the underground planned to blow up the Gyor munition works. They bribed guards, but there was a leak and when they arrived to do the job the police were waiting.

With the others, Catharine was taken before General Ujszaszi.

The general was a collaborationist. He had been chief of the Hungarian Army Intelligence at the outbreak of the war but was switched to the State Security Department because he had the respect of most Hungarians. Catharine refused to talk to him while the others were present. She came back alone.

It was then that the little redhead played her greatest role.

"You call yourself a Hungarian," she said scornfully, "but you stand by and let the Germans reach for the entire world. Doesn't freedom mean anything to you?"

She said much more, and the general listened. In a week she was free.

The others were sentenced to death by a military court, but the general, now deeply in love with Catharine, interceded. The sentences were commuted to prison terms.

With Catharine as the guiding influence, a new era began in the Hungarian underground movement. General Ujszaszi organized an effective resistance group from anti-

Beautiful Catharine Karady, the Hungarian Garbo, Who Played the Most Dramatic Role of Her Career for a Single Spectator.



General Stephen Ujszaszi, an Ardent Pro-Nazi Until He Met Catharine.



The Nazi Executioner Leaned Forward—and Catharine Karady's Patriotic Love Idyll Was Over.

German staff officers who were serving in the Hungarian Army.

Instead of playwrights and journalists and clerks, generals and diplomats were conspiring now, and their circle even embraced members of the Army Intelligence.

The best agents of the Gestapo began to disappear, munitions shipments slowed up and Hungarian regiments, bound for the Russian front, did not—for some inexplicable reason—receive their equipment. Early last March Hitler invited Ad-

miral Horthy, Regent of Hungary, to Berchtesgaden for a friendly conference.

A few nights later Catharine and the general sat up until midnight discussing their wedding plans. They had picked out a house overlooking the Danube. The general returned to his office to wait for a call from a friend on Horthy's staff. The call didn't come, but the Germans did. By dawn all of Hungary was in their

grasp and the patriots arrested. Catharine, pulled from her bed by Gestapo agents, was guarded for a week in the luxurious St. Gellert Hotel. Then, late one evening, she was taken to the Hungarian National Bank, located, ironically enough, on Liberty Square. The windowless vaults, two flights below street level, were empty of their gold but they made excellent dungeons.

"Where are my friends?" Catharine asked. "Where are General Ujszaszi and Colonel Kadar and the others?"

"They are all here, Fraulein," said the Gestapo officer, and he added significantly:

"But they will not be here long."

In a few minutes the shots began, two quick ones and a third, two quick ones and a third. She counted the fusillades...one...two...ten...twenty...twenty-nine... Each group of shots was closer.

Then the door of the adjoining vault clanged and a voice she knew only too well shouted:

"I must see her, I tell you!"

There were sounds of a brief struggle and then the general was at her door, his arms outstretched. Before

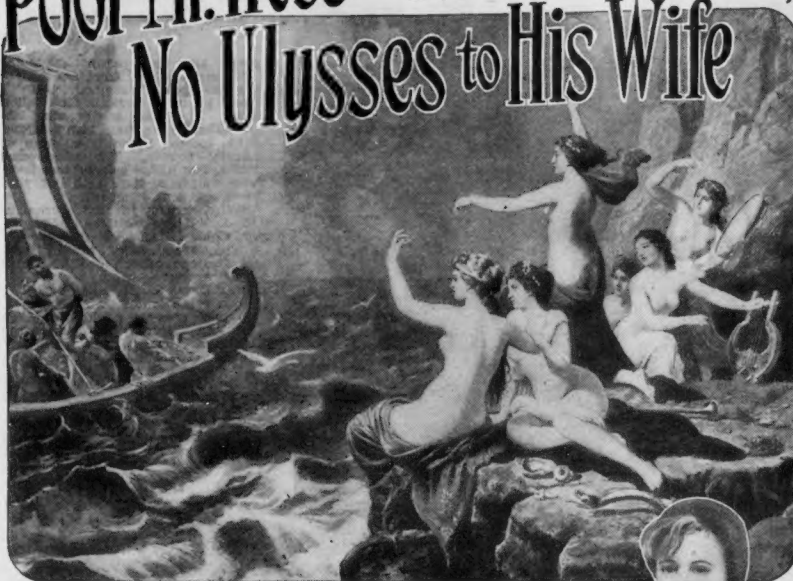
he could speak, two shots rang out. He sank slowly to the floor.

Catharine drew herself up to her full height. She had never looked more beautiful.

"Come in, you unspeakable filth," she said.

A sergeant and soldiers stepped inside. There were two quick shots and then a third. The idyll had ended.

Poor Mr. Hess—No Use to Hitler; No Ulysses to His Wife



Small Statue
Ulysses Listening to the Voices of the Sirens, by Blaas. Herr Hess, in Exile, Is Supposed to Be Hearing Strange Voices, Too.

THE flight to Scotland of Rudolf Hess, Hitler's No. 2 boy—to date, the most fantastic episode of the war—has now, after three years, acquired an almost equally fantastic sequel.

His wife, Frau Ilse Hess, has brought suit for divorce, alleging desertion and insanity. Sometimes humorlessness can be carried to a point where it becomes funny. The occasions are rare, but this charge of desertion would certainly seem to be one of them.

Herr Hess went off on what he and other top-flight Nazis no doubt considered a mission of earth-shaking importance, nothing less than an attempt to conclude a separate peace with Great Britain.

The mission went awry, and the Great Nazi became just another prisoner of war.

All this, though incredible, was on a very high plane, way up among the lofty peaks of international statecraft.

Then all of a sudden—bingo! With one shot Frau Hess brings the whole fancy structure tumbling down to the level of ham and eggs, squalling babies and of ordinary family rows.

Echoing the cry of abused housewives the world over, she claims her husband deserted her!

Not only has her complaint lacked a poodle's tale on what looked like an elephant, but, by the same token, has ruined her chance of becoming the modern Penelope.

Ulysses' patient wife, it will be recalled, spent 10 long years waiting for her wandering husband.

Suppose, like Frau Hess, she had given up after a mere three years. Imagine the consequences! Homer would have had to stop composing his *Odyssey* and, as a result, Greek mythology and legend would have lost its spinal column. Moreover, since ancient Greece has served as a model for England, the whole current of English literature and history might then have taken a

different direction. The present war might never have occurred and Hess today would not be a prisoner.

Madness, aptly enough, forms another interesting link between the two cases.

Frau Hess bases her second charge, the charge of insanity, on the official German communique issued after the Nazis had recovered from the first shock of surprise over the desertion of their exalted Deputy Fuehrer.



EUROPEAN PHOTOS

Young
Ruediger
Hess,
Counterpart
of Ulysses'
Son,
Telemachus,
and (Left)
His Roaming
Papa.



"Party Fellow Member Hess," it read in part, "who, because of his falling health has been strictly forbidden by the Fuehrer to be active in aviation, was able, contrary to these instructions, to acquire an airplane again recently. On Saturday, May 10, about 6 P.M., Party Fellow Member Hess started on a flight at Augsburg from which he has not returned to this day."

"A letter left behind unfortunately shows in its confusion the traces of mental disorder which led to fears that Party Fellow Member Hess was a victim of hallucinations..."

Fellow party members of Party Fellow Member Hess thereupon loyally recalled that he had always been a queer sort of duck. However, the fact that many of his eccentricities resembled Hitler's kept their criticism within bounds.

But his nickname, "Fraulein," his coquettishly carmined toenails, his



Frau Ilse Hess, the Wanderer's Wife, Has Lost Her Chances to Be a Modern Penelope.

The Nazi Screwball Who Flew to Scotland Finds Frau Hess Unlike Penelope of Greek Legend, for She Has Taken All the Drama Out of His Fantastic Flight by Suing Him for Desertion

lack of stomach for the manly art of war, his avoidance of profanity, and his first words on arriving in Scotland, "I have come to save humanity!" (who but a madman, they asked, would want to save humanity?) were all fair game.

Ulysses, for his part, feigned madness, Homer says, in order to escape being drafted for the Trojan war. When his pal, Palamedes, came to announce that his number was up, Ulysses yoked an ass and an ox to his plow and began to sow a field with salt.

But Palamedes was no more of a sucker than most draft board examiners of today.

Placing the would-be screwball's infant son, Telemachus, in the way of the plow, he stood back to see what would happen. Ulysses veered around the child and so betrayed himself.

Later, on his way home from Troy, his long stay on the island of the nymph, Calypso, is supposed to have indicated a derangement of sorts. However, Homer's lush descriptions would seem to cast some doubt on this interpretation.

So far as is known, Hess has encountered no Calypso.

Nor, thanks to his wife's impetuosity, will he now ever have a chance to wind up his saga with a mass-slaying of her suitors.

That is particularly sad, since, if there are any such, they are probably Nazi Gauleiters, than whom it is hard to think of any mugs more ripe for mass-slaying.

Millions are ahead of Rudolf, waiting to lay their hands on them.

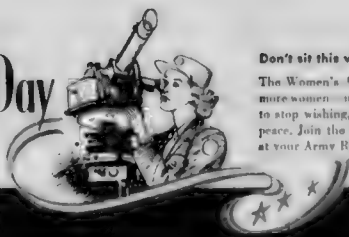
So, no matter how you look at it, Frau Hess' inopportune divorce plea has struck a sour note.

Of course, if it turns out—when and if the details of her husband's Quixotic exploit are ever fully revealed—that his real purpose in going to Scotland was really just to get away from her, then her squawk will seem less incongruous.

Falling that, it surely deserves a place well up among the major anticlimaxes of history.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

When "At Ease" is the Order of the Day



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Georgia Carroll

PEACOCK vs. TURKEY and the PRINCE CRIED "FOWL"

The Royal Russian Refugee Was Happy on His California Estate With His Beautiful Birds Until Turkey Farmers Moved Next Door—Then Came the Court Battle and the Gobblers Won.

The American-Born Princess George Meskhi-Gleboff, whose Befowled Social Life Had to Be Aired in Court.

By CHARLES GODDARD

EMON Imported peacocks at great expense from EVER since King Solomon's sh, this gorgeous creature has been considered the king of birds. But the other day, one of that exalted species got into court with the common American turkey gobbler and took a beating.

As befitted royalty, the peacock had in his corner a Prince George of Georgia (Russia) and his American-born Princess. The gobbler's seconds were two farmers, Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Simpson. The referee was Superior Judge Robert H. Scott. The purse, \$7,500.

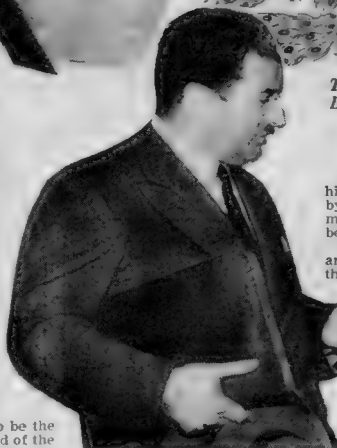
It was a triumph for the Simpsons and some vindication for old Benjamin Franklin, who wanted the turkey to be the American national bird, instead of the eagle. But it was a cruel blow to Their Highnesses who got into the battle royal only because they sought peace and quiet in the regal surroundings under the California sun.

Prince George Meskhi-Gleboff's ancestors are said to have held their title since the fourth century and to have lived on the same estate all that time. Came the Russian Revolution and that year Georgia (Russia) exported almost as many Princes as Georgia (U.S.A.) exported peaches. Both crops were elegant. Prince George followed the California trail blazed by the Georgian Princes. Arriving with little more than his title and manners. But he was a hard end married and soon became a wealthy importer.

It was a perfect Horatio Alger story in high life until the poor but honest Prince, having become rich, yearned for a well-earned rest and escape from the city noises of Los Angeles.

So they bought 20 acres in lovely San Gabriel Valley, where all was so quiet they could hear the dew fall. There they built the conventional swimming pool, with a mansion attached, set out a grove of orange trees and another of avocados.

Then the dreadful thing happened, beginning with an anvil chorus of carpenters' hammers on the neighboring farm. This overture was followed by such a volume of gobblers



Prince George of Georgia, Russia, Who Was Deaf to His Peacock's Shriill Cries, But All Ears to the Gobblers Next Door.

and clucks that party guests in the Prince's patio could hardly hear one another's witty remarks.

Investigation showed that a Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had moved in with a regiment of turkeys, 900 strong, and were hoping to see it grow to the size of a full division.

Once gentle, perfumed breezes from the Pacific now arrived laden with an easily distinguished barnyard odor. When the breezes were strong, they also brought clouds of dust kicked up by the vigorous scratching of 900 pairs of turkey feet.

"Just one more thing and I can't bear it," the Princess cried, and the thing came soon enough—some thief in the night was stealing their avocados. A bit of detective work revealed that the thief was an army of rats, invading from the Simpson farm.

The Prince then learned that any kind of poultry attracts rats, which eat food the birds overlook and then spend the rest of the night scouting the neighborhood.

The rats not only harvested the avocado crop but gave up their plebeian quarters and took up permanent residence there.



The Battle of the Birds Got Off to a Noisy Start When the Prince Bitterly Complained of the Rackets the Turkeys Made, Only to Have the Son of the Soil Ask Him What Kind of a Noise He Thought Peacocks Made.

The Prince paid a diplomatic call on his neighbors and with a charm acquired by some 16 centuries of ancestral polish, managed to get well into his argument before the counter attack came.

The Simpsons were sorry about the dust and odors, and as for the rats, they hated them worse than the Prince did. But when he got around to complaining about noise, the conversation dropped from the high, diplomatic plane.

"What do you mean by 'horrible racket'?" Mrs. Simpson demanded. "Most of the sound is the tender clucking and cooing of the hens. It's the turkey hen's lullaby when she lays an egg, and naturally the others join in to congratulate her. It really is a beautiful thing, when you understand what it means."

The Prince didn't get the beauty of it. He asked:

"But do you have to stir up all your cronies by turning on the lights in the turkey houses at 4 A. M.?"

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Simpson assured him. "Department of Agriculture Bulletin Number FPX 987455723P says that by this time the fowl have enjoyed all the sleep they need."

"And waking us with that infernal rumpus," suggested the Prince.

"Now, look here, neighbor," answered Mr. Simpson, with a trace of asperity, "I didn't want to bring this up, but we feel worse than that about the hideous squawks and screeches of your peacocks."

Before His Highness could recall a proper Georgian retort, Mr. Simpson resumed the argument.

"And when you kill a peacock," he said, "he is still no good. Even you wouldn't pay a nickel for a peacock's drumstick."

"But the boys and girls in the Army and Navy think so much of turkeys that the Government wants all we can raise."

The prince withdrew, but brought suit for \$7,500 damages. Pedigreed witnesses testified that the noises, smells, etc., were insufferable—but a phalanx of turkey farmers swore to the opposite.

Judge Scott said he believed everyone was truthful, according to his ears, nose and eyes; but when a city-dweller moves into the country he should not expect damages for country noises and odors.



Walter D. Simpson, the Prince's Neighbor, With the Turkeys That, His Highness Felt, Were Singing Off Key.

MONA LISA & CO. SAFE or STOLEN?

By COUNT BYRON de PROROK
Archaeologist, Explorer and Lecturer

THE Germans have pillaged the museums of Europe of the greatest art treasures of all time. The intrinsic value of the plunder is reckoned at \$2,000,000,000 or more.

But have some of the precious works eluded the international marauders? Have masterpieces such as the Mona Lisa and the Venus de Milo, which never could be valued in dollars and cents, been spirited beyond the grasp of the robbers? It has happened before when gangster war lords have been on the prowl.

There are those who say that Leonardo da Vinci's famous Mona Lisa, along with the Venus and the Winged Victory of Samothrace, were smuggled into hiding and were never discovered by the Germans. It may be.

Yet this I know. I was in Switzerland two years ago and had the good fortune to be in the company of my friend, the Keeper of the Vault of the Banque Federale of Lausanne, where much of the loot of Europe is on deposit to the credit of Hitler, Goering, Goebbels and their gang.

The Keeper of the Vault showed me some of the spoils sent there for safekeeping. He pulled open a drawer reserved for the stolen wealth of Pierre Laval, who sold his birthright.

On top lay the Frissli Papyrus, a 4,000-year-old Egyptian manuscript, which was insured by the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris for \$1,000,000 because it is prized as "the oldest book in the world."

There were other items, including Napoleon's will, original manuscripts of Moliere, Voltaire, Rousseau and Lafayette and many important documents of the French Revolution. Laval insured them all for 100,000,000 Swiss francs (about \$23,000,000).

Then my Swiss friend told me:

"In these vaults are many masterpieces from the Louvre, but not the Mona Lisa. That, I know, is over Hitler's bed at Berchtesgaden. Hitler and Goering almost fought over it. And Hitler won."

I know no reason why my friend would say that if it wasn't true.

Charles Sterling, formerly a curator of painting at the Louvre and now on the staff of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, also has some revealing information concerning this baffling mystery.

M. Sterling, who left France in 1942, was one of the men responsible for the packing and removal of the art treasures from the Louvre. As soon as the war was on between France and Germany in September 1939, 3,000 of the best paintings, among them the Mona Lisa, were taken to the small museum at Montauban, a town a few miles north of Toulouse in southern France.

There the paintings were stored in three small rooms. The crowded space was a fire hazard and the damp climate was far from ideal for storing such a priceless treasure.

When the Germans took all of France in November 1942, the paintings were removed, M. Sterling says, to a spacious chateau near by. It was done in great secrecy.

The sculptures of the Louvre, among them the Winged Victory of Samothrace and the Venus de Milo, were taken in September 1939, to the huge Chateau de Chambord, in the Loire Valley, according to M. Sterling.

That the convoy arrived safely was due to an American woman, Madame Florence Conrad, who had been selected by the museum directors to pilot the statues to their destination. In her recent book, "Camarades de Combat," she has given a vivid account of how she conducted the Victory and the



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The Low Countries Have Been Stripped of Their Masterpieces. Among Them the Anatomy Lesson of Rembrandt, Which Hung in the Royal Gallery at The Hague.

art treasures in those days. M. Sterling explains with the fact that they were eager to appear as benevolent conquerors, trying to win over the French to the "New Order" by demonstrating respect for their art.

In displaying the sculptures in the Louvre they also wanted to convince the French that everything was normal again and that the war was over as far as France was concerned.

What art treasures they did take in those days was done "legitimately"—by buying them with worthless marks. In addition, the Vichy government, trying to please the conquerors, made gifts of paintings to Goering and to other Nazi big shots.

But we have it on good authority that the Germans have stripped the conquered lands of their art. We know that the priceless Van Eyck Adoration of the Lamb was snatched from the Ghent Cathedral in Belgium and put on exhibition in Berlin, finally, according to a London connoisseur, being dispatched to Berchtesgaden.

When the Allies marched into Bayeux, France, last June the town had been sacked of its treasures, including the famous 11th century Bayeux tapestry depicting the Norman conquest of England. Underground sources reported that Himmler, Hitler's hangman, had seized the tapestry.

The Low Countries have suffered the most. Both Belgium and The Netherlands housed some of the world's most valuable works. Such as Rembrandt's Anatomy Lesson, which hung in the Royal Gallery at The Hague, and Vermeer's The Milkmaid, considered one of the finest examples of the Dutch school's greatest colorist. Where are they today?

We can only speculate.

What the Nazis did with the Louvre art treasures after he had left France, M. Sterling does not know. It is highly probable that they have looted some after realizing that the French could not be talked into full submission to the "New Order," and especially after the start of the Allied invasion.

Claude Scheffer, curator of the French National Museums, recently said in London that the Mona Lisa and the two famous sculptures were smuggled out of the Louvre and that the Germans tried to get Vichy to bring them back.

"I feel certain," Scheffer stated, "that these priceless chefs d'oeuvres remain safe, for only 20 men in the world know where they have been concealed."

Some reports say that Goering's emissaries were hot on the trail of the art treasures. Indeed, the Marshal's hirelings arrived at the hiding place



The Winged Victory of Samothrace Is Believed to Be Buried Somewhere in the French Countryside.

Venus to their new home.

The Victory, on being unloaded, nearly toppled over. This piece of Parian marble, which represents the goddess on the prow of a trireme, in the act of sounding the signal for battle upon her trumpet, is perhaps the best of early Hellenistic art extant.

IT WAS found near the ruins of a large Doric temple on the island of Samothrace in 1863, and originally was erected about 306 B.C. as a grateful offering for a naval victory won by Demetrius Poliorcetes, the King of Macedon, over the Egyptians at Cyprus. The colossal statue is armless as well as headless, and the torso is made up of 123 fragments. The breast and left wing are of plaster.

When the Germans took the chateau in June 1940, they at once threw a strong guard around it, and after a while they brought the sculptures back to the Louvre where they were still on display when M. Sterling left France in November 1942. Why the Germans had not touched the Louvre



The Venus de Milo Is Reported to Be Residing in an Obscure Chateau.



Simon & Schuster
Leonardo da Vinci's Mona Lisa, Probably the Most Celebrated Portrait in the World, Is Supposed to Have Been Spirited to Safety, But Some Say Hitler Found Her.

only 48 hours after they were again spirited away. This was not the first time that the Venus de Milo—"the most perfect realization of the 'eternal feminine'"—had been dislodged from her quarters in the Louvre. In 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War, it was transported in dead of night to the Paris Prefecture of Police.

There she was placed in a padded oblong box of oak resembling a coffin, and consigned to a dark hole in the basement.

All went well with her in Paris until the Communards set fire to the city in 1871. The Prefecture was burned, but a broken waterpipe flooded Venus' place of refuge and saved the goddess.

Except for the plaster restorations, which fell to pieces in the water, she had suffered no injuries. This beauty without a rival is the work of a school which was contemporary with the schools of Praxiteles and Scopas, in the fourth century B.C. It was purchased for 6,000 francs by the French Ambassador in Turkey, shipped to France in a gunboat, presented to Louis XVIII and restored in the Louvre by Bernard Lange.

The statue, nude to the waist, is famous for the perfection of its proportions.

Like the statues, the Mona Lisa also was moved before from the Louvre.

In 1870, the Mona Lisa was taken from her frame and shipped to Brest, along with other paintings by da Vinci, Titian, Raphael and Correggio.

In 1911, she was "kidnaped" from the Louvre by an Italian window washer named Ferrugia, but two years afterwards she was discovered in a Florentine art shop and returned to the museum.

Perrugia pretended, at his trial, that he had stolen the picture in revenge for the many works of art Napoleon had filched from Italy. It was believed by some, however, that Italy's soldier-poet, Gabriel D'Annunzio, engineered the theft because he later said in one of his books that the "sublime thief" of La Gioconda, as the painting also is known, had brought the picture to him.

ACCORDING to rumor, the real Mona Lisa was replaced by a copy in the course of the railway journey from Florence to Paris.

Others maintained that the picture had been removed for restoration and had been so damaged

The Nazis Have Pillaged Europe of Art Treasures Valued at More Than \$2,000,000,000 But the Lady With the Famous Smile May Be in Hiding—Or in Berchtesgaden



Hitler and Goebbels Admire Some of the Loot Lifted From Famous Museums by Their Gangsters.

in the operation that to return it in that condition would have meant a scandal.

During its disappearance, several experts put forth the opinion that the Louvre picture was a replica of the original, which, they said, was in the Prado at Madrid.

Mona Lisa, the most controversial work of art ever painted, is one of the outstanding achievements of the Italian Renaissance. It was purchased, in 1512, by Francois I, King of France, for 12,000 livres.



Simon & Schuster
Vermeer's The Milkmaid Probably Is Decorating the Palace Walls of Hitler, Goering or Some Other Nazi Marauder.

Da Vinci worked intermittently on this portrait for four years, and then left it unfinished. Vasari says that the model was La Gioconda, the third wife of da Vinci's friend, Pietro Francesco de Giocondo, but some historians deny this.

"Whoever shall desire to see how far Art can imitate Nature," said Vasari, "may do so to perfection in this head. The eyes, the nose, the mouth, the lips, and the carnation of the cheek do not appear to have been painted, but to be truly flesh and blood."

But in this incomparable masterpiece, form alone did not occupy the painter. Some critics say she had a sweet smile—the "dolce riso" Dante beheld on the lips of Beatrice in Paradise—but more than one art mandarin professes to see a touch of something sinister in it.

Walter Pater, for example, says that the soul with all its maladies has passed into her beauty, and he further says that he saw in her face the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the Middle Ages, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias.

A few critics felt more repelled than fascinated by her face. They compare La Gioconda to the beautiful woman an Indian Prince once sent as a present to Alexander the Great. The Conqueror fell in love at first sight, but a certain sage declared that this strangely seductive creature had been nourished with poisons from her birth until her nature was so imbued with them that she herself became the deadliest poison in existence and her embrace death.

Kees Van Dongen, the Dutch artist, explains Mona Lisa's puzzling smile by saying that she must have had bad teeth.

The Lost Secret of Treasure Mountain

Maybe Old Hermit Morrow Learned From Caribou's Ghosts Where Another Silver Trove Lay. But If He Did He's Taken His Knowledge With Him to the Grave

By WARREN HALL

IF THE ghosts of Caribou, way up "where the blizzards are born," ever did hold the secret of Treasure Mountain to Old Jim Morrow, it went with him the other day to an unmarked grave. So probably no one will ever know now whether Sam Conger found more than one \$20,000,000 silver lode after his ardent wooing opened the lips of Moaning Dove, the beautiful Indian princess.

Old Jim, the hermit of Cemetery Ridge, was the last resident of Caribou, once a bustling Colorado mining town of 3,500 lusty souls. Most ghost cities are haunted only by memories, but Caribou really had ghosts. At least, that's what Jim said.

When the storms poured through the bare fangs of the Rockies, you could almost believe the ghosts were talking. Jim used to listen. What he wanted to hear was the voice of Sam Conger.

Sam was in his early 20's when he hopped off the stage to Denver one summer day in 1890 and started looking around for some of the gold and silver that had lured him from a prosaic Eastern home.

The streets didn't seem to be paved with gold, as some of the accounts had indicated, but he noticed right away that the Arapaho Indians, who were numerous in and around Denver, were top-heavy with silver ornaments.

Sam, who was a very engaging young man with what might easily be described as a silver tongue, began to pay a lot of attention to Bird Chief, the war leader of the Arapahos, who had more silver trinkets than anybody else. But no matter how much firewater Sam bought for Bird Chief, and no matter how artfully he plied him with questions, he got only one answer: "Tch! um silver at Treasure Mountain."

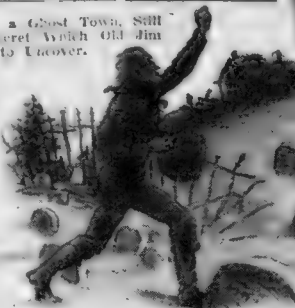
Where was Treasure Mountain? The Colorado Rockies have 50 peaks more than 14,000 feet high and hundreds of lesser mountains, any one of these which might be the source of the Indians' silver.

It was about that time that Sam met Moaning Dove, Bird Chief's lovely daughter. He became a frequent visitor to her tepee and wooed her under the Colorado moon.

Finally the love-stricken maiden promised to lead him to Treasure Mountain, which, she said, was "where the blizzards are born." Sam waited impatiently that night in an aspen grove, where Moaning Dove had said she would meet him. But instead of the princess, her father



Caribou Today, a Ghost Town, Still Keeping the Secret Which Old Jim Morrow Tried to Uncover.



appeared. He had caught Moaning Dove as she slipped away to keep the rendezvous, he said, and if a certain white man ever spoke to her again, there would be a new scalp hanging in Bird Chief's tepee.

It didn't take Sam long to get the general idea, and he moved out of Denver in a hurry. He wandered through the mountains on his horse, asking everyone he met if there was any place in the Rockies where blizzards were born. Near Golden, Colo., he encountered an old prospector who gave him a ray of hope.

" reckon it must be that mountain over yonder," the prospector said. "Worst weather in these whole United States and you can throw in Caribou, too. I've heard Indians say that's where the storms start."

Almost trembling with excitement, Conger took on up the mountain. For weeks he clambered over the slopes but he never found anything that looked like silver. All he saw were some loose heaps of strange-looking rocks.

Conger spent the next eight years thinking about what might have been. Then, one day in Cheyenne, he saw a box full of silver in a baggage car and a senator picked over the ground. The guards gathered them up quickly, and Conger asked what made them so



Caribou, the Bustling, Rip-Roaring Mining Town That Sprang Up Around Conger's \$20,000,000 Silver Bonanza.



For 30 Years, Old Jim Morrow Listened to His Chattering Ghosts, Shaking His Head When the Spirit of Sam Conger Refused to Tell Him the Secret of Treasure Mountain.

very important.

"Oh, nothing, Mac," one of the guards said, "except them rocks kept them rocks like that before."

"Silver ore!" Conger exclaimed. A great light dawned. He remembered where he had seen plenty of rocks like that before.

Without further delay, he set out for Treasure Mountain. He was gone a year. Then he returned, organized a company and led his five partners to a vein in the side of the mountain from which eventually \$20,000,000 silver ore was taken. They called it Caribou, and a bustling, rip-roaring mining town with the same name sprang up on the site.

Conger sold out early and retired. He never came back, and when the vein finally was exhausted, Caribou became just another ghost city.

The Sherman House and the Miners' House, both famous from coast to coast for their food, housed

only rats. The churches, saloons and homes became gaunt, empty shells. Jim Morrow came there about 1914 to live in a one-room cabin.

The gales howled and Jim kept listening, waiting for the ghost of Sam Conger to come back and tell him where the rest of the silver was. Sometimes he got so mad he would throw his pots and pans around.

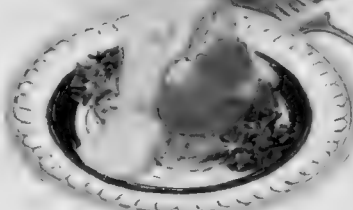
"Scares the spirits away," he explained. "They talk plenty but they don't tell me nothing."

Not long ago a prospector found Jim dead in his cabin. His cold features looked placid, as if he had at last found the lode. But if he had, nobody will ever know.



A Miners' Ball in the Old Days When Caribou's Silver-Hungry Prospectors Ran Riot.

You can depend on KRAFT QUALITY



RECHECK THE "BASIC 7" We're getting set for our third war-winter. So refresh your mind on the Seven Basic Food Groups which Government nutrition experts say are the basis for well-balanced daily meals. Every single day see that your menus include some food from each of the seven groups. The Home Front must keep fit... keep strong... keep on the job for the "last lap" to complete victory!

Rich, mild Cheddar Flavor

With Cheddar cheese so rare on the Home Front, count yourself lucky when you find Kraft's nutritious Cheddar cheese food Velveeta. Smooth-spreading, smooth-melting Velveeta gives sandwiches and hot main dishes delicious flavor and these important nutrients: complete protein, food energy, milk minerals, vitamins A and B₂ (riboflavin).

The wartime cheese sauce recipe is 1/2 lb. of sliced Velveeta melted in 2 cups of medium cream sauce. Here the sauce is poured over a baked tomato stuffed with rice (macaroni, diced ham or chicken with bread-crumbs are also fine) and served on a slice of fried egg plant.

Main dish... cooked in 7 minutes

In one box of Kraft Dinner you get both ingredients for delicious macaroni-and-cheese that cooks in a hurry. There's a special macaroni that cooks fluffy-tender just in boiling water, and plenty of golden Kraft Grated, too. In 7 minutes' cooking time you have a fluffy macaroni with good cheese flavor through and through. A box of Kraft Dinner serves four. An extra box on the pantry shelf can be a "life saver" on busy days!

Sensible treat

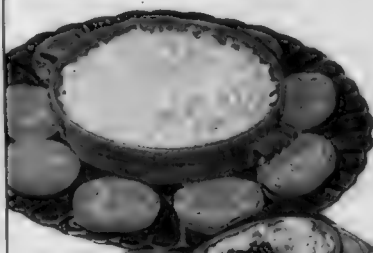
Perhaps you always thought of the famous Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese as a "party food." Actually it's a protective food for the family... offers vitamin A and other important nutrients from milk and cream. And what a time-saver! As dessert, for instance, serve crockers, fruit (or jelly) and a cool, fresh-tasting square of Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. Delicious! The words "Philadelphia Brand" printed on the package tell you you're getting cream cheese that's guaranteed fresh by Kraft.

Here's LOTS of help!

About the handiest things to have for teasing party snacks, among the biggest helps with daily lunch boxes, are Kraft's seven delicious Cheese Spreads. There's Kraft Pimento, Olive-Pimento, Relish and Pineapple Spreads; zesty Roka, Kraft Limburger and Old English Spreads. They're all made with the same quality ingredients you'd use in fixing snack and sandwich spreads in your own kitchen. When a cheese spread is marked Kraft you can know it's a quality dairy product.

Copyright 1944 by Kraft Cheese Company

Millions of pounds of Kraft Cheese are being used in special products for the fighting forces... tons of Kraft Cheddar are going to our fighting allies. That's why you perhaps can't get your favorite Kraft variety at all. But whenever you see any package or glass marked Kraft you can depend on it for highest quality. For the Home Front as well as for the battle front Kraft is using every possible care to maintain the standards that have made Kraft foods famous the world over!



The World's Favorite Cheeses are made by the Men and Women of **Kraft**

CLEANS

FURNITURE
FLOORS, WOODWORK
TOOLS, MACHINERY
BED SPRINGS
PAINT BRUSHES
BATHTUBS, TOILETS

AMERICAN TURPENTINE PRODUCTS ASSOCIATION, VALDOSTA, GA.

SOLD BY
Drug Stores, Hardware
Stores, Paint Stores, Grocers,
Paint Stores, Grocery
Stores.



ALWAYS USE GUM TURPENTINE TO
THIN PAINTS, VARNISHES AND ENAMELS

Food for thought as well
as food for delightful
tempting menus always
appears on the House-
hold Almanac pages in
The American Weekly.

Will Your Car Outlast the War?

As a wartime service to owners
of **ALL MAKES** of cars, General
Motors offers a new edition of
The Automobile User's Guide,
containing 196 practical sugges-
tions on such subjects as how to
get better gasoline economy, how
to prolong tire life, how to keep
your car in the best operating
condition, how to preserve the
exterior finish, etc.



You can get a **FREE COPY** from
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by using the coupon below.

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"AUTOMOBILE USER'S GUIDE"

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MAIL TO _____

State _____

Hypnotizing Drunks



Once the Patient Is in a Trance, His Subconscious
Mind Is Made to Believe That Liquor Is Poison to
Him and That He Doesn't Want Any More of It.

WHEN the boys
down at Joe's place
hear the one—that
there's a California artist
who claims he can put
drunks permanently on the
wagon through hypnosis.

Dr. Thomas J. Meyers of
Pasadena says that it is
possible to make a hard
drinker never want to see a
bar again just by giving
him the old Svengali eye.

The doctor, who is a
neuropsychiatrist at the Los
Angeles County Osteopathic
Hospital, has done it.

The California scientist's
contention is that, while no
amount of lecturing will get
a chronic drunk to perma-
nently swear off the stuff,
it is possible to get him to
quit by reasoning with his
subconscious mind. But the
barfly has to really want
to quit drinking, or the
treatment won't work.

Once is not enough. You
have to be hypnotized daily
for two weeks, then weekly
for six months, and there-
after two or three times a
year.

"The patient," explains
Dr. Meyers, "must be thor-
oughly cooperative and will-
ing to accept a program
that will take liquor from

him forever. If he goes on
with the treatment, he will
not be able to drink."

The best time to start a
rehabilitation program, says
this expert, is right after
the subject has been on a
lollapalooza of a bender.

"During the hangover
period," he explains, "the
subject is dazed with
himself and feels sincerely
he would like to 'go on the
wagon' permanently."

Once a dose is sold on
the idea, the hypnotic treat-
ments begin. This consists
of putting him in a tempo-
rary trance. Anybody, who
is willing, can be hypnotized.
Once in the trance, Meyers
said, the patient should be
told:

"Drink is ruining your
health and your life. For
you it is poison. In a short
time liquor will make you
sick. Soon you will auto-
matically refuse drinks
when they are offered."

At each daily hypnotic
session, the boozier is given
the same kind of pep talk.
The constant repetition
pounds so deeply into his
subconscious that, after a
time, even the thought of
hoisting one small beer be-
comes revolting.

The World's Most Bashful Bird

A FUNNY bird is the
Central American
quetzal. It is so
bashful that it prefers death
to being stared at in cap-
tivity. Or so zoo keepers in
Guatemala found out re-
cently when a green-feath-
ered member of that tribe,
the first ever to be taken
alive, died less than two
months after it was caught.

For many decades there
has been a legend through-
out Central America that
the quetzals—once prayed
as gods—could never be
held prisoner. Their shy-
ness would result in certain

death. The belief, it seems,
was no idle one.

The beautiful bird, with its
handsome crest and long
hanging tail, is the national
emblem of Guatemala and
is held in as high regard as
the eagle in this country.

When the announcement
was made that one of the
shy birds had been cap-
tured, and it would be put on
display, Guatemalans re-
sented it. And after the
prisoner had lived up to its
reputation, they hailed its
death as proof that the free-
dom of the Guatemalan peo-
ple can never be infringed
on by anyone.



"Mush!"

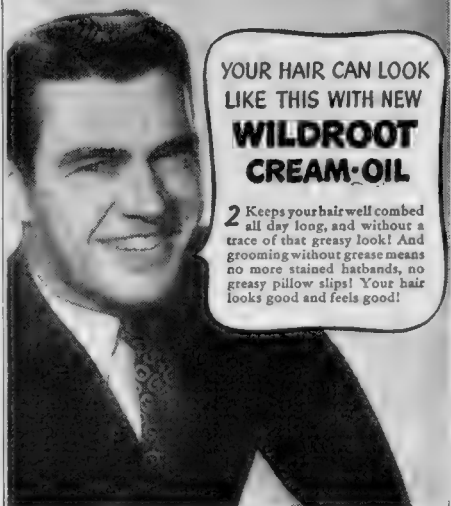
CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

1 Scratch your head and see!
If you find signs of dryness
or loose, ugly dandruff, you need
new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formu-
la. Grooms, relieves dryness,
removes loose dandruff! Buy
large size for greater economy.



YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2 Keeps your hair well combed
all day long, and without a
trace of that greasy look! And
grooming without grease means
no more stained handkerchiefs,
no greasy pillow slips! Your hair
looks good and feels good!



NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS
LANOLIN!
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF



Refined LANOLIN has
long been prescribed be-
cause of its soothing
qualities, and because it
closely resembles the oil
of the human skin. No
wonder 4 out of 5 users
in a nation-wide test pre-
fer it to the hair tonics
they had been using. A
little Wildroot Cream-Oil
goes a long, long way. Get
it today from your barber
or druggist.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

Cinderella
lost her slipper
and caught
herself a cold



Along came
Prince Charming
with a pack of
soothing KOOLS

She liked 'em
so much then
when her
throat was raw...



That she
decided to
smoke 'em
all the time

This fits you, too!
Switch from
"Hots" to
KOOLS
-for
good!



Japs Doping Japs Now

BACK in 1937 the high command of the Japanese Army hit upon the diabolically clever trick of introducing opium smoking throughout the conquered areas of China.

The idea behind it was to make the Chinese slaves to dope so that they would be a submissive bunch of hop-heads that the traitorous puppeteers could easily govern.

Instructions were sent out from Tokio to Japanese Army commanders to spread opium wherever they went, and poppy-planting was widely subsidized.

When the Chinese government of Chiang Kai-shek learned what the Japs were up to they protested to the League of Nations. But Tokio ignored all pleas to cut it out. No one in the Land of the Rising Sun stopped to think of the possible consequences of their own Army handling all this dope—that their own soldiers might fall victims to it.

But the unexpected has happened. At first, Jap soldiers ignored the narcotic and scorned the Chinese who used it. But with the war getting tougher and tougher, and hope of victory slowly ebbing, the lit-

tle brown men have begun to hit the pipe themselves.

From the Tokio radio come hints that the opium problem has become serious. Frequent broadcasts announce the discovery of new drugs that are said to break the habit more effectively than any other known medicine.



The Nips Are Upsetting the Plan by Hitting the Pipe.

American Army units in the Pacific have reported from time to time that they have come across evidence that the men from Tokio are puffing the pipe in increasing numbers.

"Competent reports have long indicated," says an Army's unit's newspaper, "that the Jap soldier, weary of the hardships of war, has often fallen prey to the drug in an effort to get the thrill it supposedly gives at first."

"Jap interest in a cure for the habit, strange in view of the fact the Nipponese have helped to spread it more than any other agency in the modern world, indicates that the dope problem may have grown serious in their Army."

The paper goes on to point out that, with our B-29 raids being stepped up, Tokio may soon hear a lot more about Hirohito's hop-heads.

WHEN YOUR STOMACH



Be kind to your stomach when it's queasy, uneasy and upset. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Get a bottle from your druggist today. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol

By the Makers of *Chloroform* *Witcham*
T. H. Ross, U. S. Pat. Off.

The most thrilling mystery and adventure stories of the world are told in every issue of *The American Weekly*.

-the girl
he can't
forget



-the girl with a
Solitaire-lovely complexion

These, he won't forget. The way you whisper, "I love you" . . . your funny laugh . . . the creamy smoothness, the Solitaire smoothness of your cheek against his lips. Let him remember you *always* with a Solitaire-lovely complexion.

TEATIME TRYST—your complexion as romantic as your hat. Thanks to Solitaire, your make-up stays smooth for HOURS. Tiny lines and blemishes are YOUR secret.



FORTY LOVE—your complexion as potent as your backhand! Thanks to Solitaire, your make-up looks NATURAL in the sun. Its LANOLIN richness guards your skin against dryness.

IN SIX HEAVENLY HUES AT ALL TOILETRY COUNTERS

MAKE MAKE-UP WITH Solitaire

A Campana Product

HAVE A CHUCKLE



"Please Stay a Little Longer. My Secretaries Let In So Few People I'm Lonesome."



"Am I Late, Dear?"



"She Says With the Man Shortage She's Not Taking Any Chances!"



"Now I Remember —It Was To Remind Me Not To Cross the Street Against the Lights."



"You're My Lawyer, Ain't You? Well, Get Me Out of This!"

IF YOU WALK IN YOUR SLEEP YOU HAVEN'T GROWN UP

Even Though You May Do Fantastic Things Like
Milk a Cow or Commit Murder, Science Says It's
Only Because You're Still a Child
Looking for a Strong, Pro-
tective "Papa"

Mrs. Christabel
Russell, Mother
of the Famous
"Dream Baby."



By GOBIND BEHARI LAL
Noted Science Analyst

SLEEPWALKERS do enough fantastic things to fill many a book—climb roofs, trudge scores of miles, commit murder, arson, drive automobiles, horses and mules, drive trucks and even milk cows—all while they're asleep.

At one of the most unusual stunts occurred recently at an Army post where a sleepwalking soldier got out of bed, dressed, passed guards with correct password on a long hike to a big gun emplacement.

There he took the huge tarpaulin from the gun, a tinsmith's job in itself, and fired it with a bang that shook the countryside. He didn't wake up. Not until the guards came running, awakened him and arrested him.

This stunt was somewhat like that of Anna Walthers, a 15-year-old Brooklyn, N. Y., girl who, in her sleep, walked 25 miles from her home to Elizabeth, N. J.

The spectacular example of the Army sleepwalking soldier was cited at a recent meeting of the American Psychiatric Association, where Major S. A. Sandier of the Medical Corps, serving at Camp Lee, Va., discussed the case of 20 somnambulist soldiers.

The Army psychiatrist revealed in his study of sleepwalking soldiers shows the somnambulist a man who has emotionally never quite grown up.

Evidence gathered by the Army's mental medicos confirms the idea that the nightly wanderings frequently are caused by the soldier's "other self," searching for the father.

A part of the "subconscious" or "hidden mind" of the soldier,

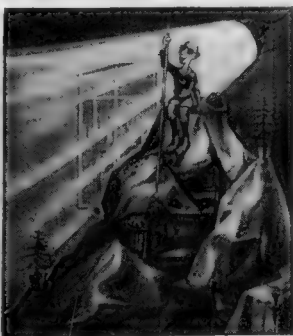
usually a young man, remembers the father as the protector and defender against all manner of childhood dangers.

When the soldier, with a tendency to sleepwalking, which in most cases began in childhood, goes to sleep, there's a mild separation between his two personalities—the courageous, grown-up waking self and the timid, frightened, childishly "father-searching" self.

The childish self takes command in sleep. The person is now its slave. This other sleepwalking self directs the person to go through all sorts of peculiar actions, from merely rising from bed and brushing the teeth to hiking 15 miles and even shooting off of giant guns. Often their actions lead to tragedy.

Ernest Duane, in a New York summer camp, dreamed that he had killed his guide, Eula Davis. He woke up to learn that he had committed the murder—in his sleep. He was convicted of the killing, but President Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, pardoned him.

Another remarkable case was that of Henry Leonard Chancey, railway



A Sleepwalking Mountain Climber
Had to Stay Home, So He Made His
Own "Mountains" Which He Climbed
While Asleep.

Sleepwalkers Often Get Into Hazardous
Situations. From the Painting "La Sonnambule,"
by William De Leftwich Dodge,
Copyright by J. W. Buel.

mail clerk, who was accused of the theft of \$30,000. He insisted he was innocent, until he dozed off at the police station. In his sleep he talked freely, revealing that he had taken the money. He even took the officers to the place where he had buried it. He had committed the crime in his sleep.

Probably the most widely-discussed sleepwalking case concerned the Hon. John Hugo Russell, an English nobleman, and his "dream son," Geoffrey. In an English court Russell testified that, to his knowledge, he had had no personal relations with his wife, Mrs. Christabel Russell, over a certain period, although they lived under the same roof. He attempted to deny fatherhood of Geoffrey.

His wife, however, claimed that he had visited her while sleepwalking, and there was no doubt that he was an habitual somnambulist.

The English court decided that she must have been right. How would a sleepwalking man know about the origin of his own son?

Another odd case was that of a sleepwalker who was addicted to mountain climbing. Forced to remain home, in his sleep he "made" mountains and climbed them.

Science is now able to treat men and women of sleepwalking habits. Major Sandier found a cure for the sleepwalking soldiers, which probably

The Soldier's
Childish Other
Self Set Him
Out Seeking His
Father, Took
Him Past the
Sentry With the
Correct Pass-
word, Made Him
Fire Off a Gun
—And He Awak-
ened Only When
He Was Ar-
rested.

will work for civilians, too. It is a method of making the sleepwalker fully aware of his childish self, which really is looking for "papa."

If the lurking, night-prowling self can be dragged out into the open, talked to and assured that the adult personality of the daytime is really strong and old enough to stand up and assume the role of the "father," sleepwalking will be overcome.

A drug called sodium amytal is given to the man who has been sleepwalking. The effect is that a chemical twilight sleep is produced. In this condition, the person under treatment begins to reveal his hidden self.

He talks now freely of the fears and the dislikes smothered in his mind. His mind goes back to childhood days and its emotional storms, and then picks up unpleasant experiences of the present.

So the mental secrets which had been festering are opened up, aired and vanished.

Major Sandier found that these somnambulists in the Army in waking seemed to be particularly gentle, but, in sleepwalking and under the drug influence they turned into angry, snarling, suspicious ur-chins.

They had been among the youngest children of very large families. They often had domineering mothers, whom they disliked. They were their fathers' favorites. They were frequently spoiled by all their older brothers and sisters.

These men didn't care for the fair sex sufficiently, and their married lives were dull. They dreamed of snakes and of being chased with knives and had other nightmares.

Women sleepwalkers, who seemed self-reliant in daytime, became submissive and even craved punishment in somnambulism. Such are the vagaries of the separated personality which is a common feature of all somnambulists.

Don't Shoot Your Gas - Pump - Man!

He's a good guy! Sure... he'd hate to hear some careless driver smash his car... you helpless... driving half-blind from Wind-shield Smear!

But it's *your* car! And *your* worry!

So why blame your good service man for not reminding you to let him replace your dulled windshield wiper blades... and your tired, twisted wiper arms... all now several years too old!

Once you remind him he'll proudly—and quickly—fit your car... with keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Blades and Arms... Sturdy... Good looking... Exclusive patented features—Used on our fighting Tanks and Trucks and Ships and Bombers too. Original equipment on many models of high-grade cars. Ready for you at nearly all good service stops. Because RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner... last longer!

Be safe! Make better time to stores! Avoid costly smashups! Get RAIN-MASTER VISION CONTROL... next time you buy gas. Costs less than a simple tender repair.



Exclusive patented arm-stroke design... is blade always true and accurate against the glass—for clearest wipe!

For *water driving*... install *one* ANCO

RAIN-MASTER

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WINDSHIELD WIPER

Blades and Arms

Used on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too.

THE MARCH COMPANY

Buy, Indiana

Crushes your old installed wiper blades

MEDICO

FILTERED

SMOKING

REMOVABLE FILTER

(famous in pipes)

A SENSATION IN

CIGARETTE

AND CIGAR HOLDERS

\$1

10 DOZ OF FILTERS

FREE!

The painted filter is the heart of Medico Filtered Smoking. Its 66 mesh-screen buffer whirls cool smoke—retains flakes—and absorbs moisture. When filter is discolored, it has done its job. Discard it and put in a fresh one—costs only ONE CENT. Enjoy the benefits of Frank Medico Pipes, Cigarette and Cigar Holders.

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Frank Medico

GENUINE FILTERS

FOR SIGARETTES

PACKED ONLY IN THE

WORLD & BLACK BOX

10 DOZ OF FILTERS

FREE!

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GENUINE FILTERS

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WORLD & BLACK BOX

10 DOZ OF FILTERS

FREE!

SCALP ODOR— not you?



Find out from your hat

Your hat will tell you if your scalp offends... if your hair is keeping people away.

It's so easy to have scalp odor—and not know it—particularly if your hair is the only type that so quickly collects unpleasant odors.

But it's easy, too, to be on the safe side. Simply shampoo regularly with Packera's Pine Tar Shampoo. It contains pure, medicinal pine tar that chases scalp odors in a jiffy. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears, leaving the hair fresh and fragrant.

Start the Packera's habit today. You'll find Packera's Pine Tar Shampoo at a variety department and ten-cent store.



More Romantic Skin



with MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM

Check your skin on these points of beauty: daily freshness, whiteness, smoothness, translucence, coloring youthful appearance. MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM, by its "radiant" action, can help you on all these points. It peels invisibly your over-exposed, congested, outer skin, revealing your protected skin beneath, that is whiter, softer, less marred by sun, and looks younger. While skin will look fresher, its coloring improved, it helps give your skin that alluring quality of translucence and depth. Start with MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM now. Just follow directions for a more radiant skin.

Startle your skin to fresher loveliness with SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT. Temporarily contracts loose surface skin, regulars prominence of pores, tightens fine lines and wrinkles.

Save cooking fats—It's Ammunition!

Smart Snake

JOHN FOLWELL of Weldon, Ill., is a man with a problem. He owns a snake... and can't get rid of it. Every time he tries to get rid of the darn thing, it comes back with all the persistence of a well-trained hunting animal.

Folwell's troubles began a few weeks ago when, walking home from his job as a railroad laborer, he came across a snake wriggling along the road. Intrigued by its great length he decided to take the creature with him.

The snake made itself



Three Days Later the Bull Snake Was Back Home.

comfortable at Folwell's house with all the enthusiasm of a visiting relative. But it did look a little disconcerted, in a snake sort of way, when put on exhibition at a local school.

After the display was over, Folwell asked a neighbor, E. P. Wynn, if he'd like to have the reptile. Wynn accepted and took it home. But no sooner had he got the creature there than it mysteriously disappeared.

The next morning Folwell found the six-footer he thought he was rid of contentedly curled up in his backyard.

The Illinois man things ride for a few days, and then one morning he took the thing far down the tracks and released it.

Three days later the snakeboarder was once again in the Folwell back yard. "I don't know what I'm going to do," the unfortunate owner said, reporters the other way. "I haven't got the heart to kill it, and every time I take it away, it crawls back."

He Still Doesn't See the Joke

CARTOONISTS have been joking about it in decades, but Louis Collins of Chicago, Iowa, really ate the trick. He saved off the limb on which he was sitting.

Luckily, Collins wasn't injured. He was able to grab another limb before tumbling earthward. If it hadn't been for some lightning-like movement his part, he probably would have wound up in the hospital.

It all happened when the Iowa man became so interested in the branch he was cutting off as to forget that the ladder, on top of which he was perched, was leaning against it.

The sharp crack of the splintering limb brought him to his senses. Quickly he grabbed another one while the ladder and heavy branch fell to the ground. Collins had to get up in the tree for an hour before his wife got help.



no finer fit
at any price

BESTFORM BRASSIERES

79¢ to \$1.50

BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS

\$2.50 to \$6.50

BESTFORM

means best form

The Fragrant BAR that Bars Perspiration Odor

LOR-ODO

Apply it like a lipstick—
Avoids fingernail mess



THE MODERN

LOR-ODO WAY

Retards perspiration. Removes tell-tale odor. Leaves under arms dry, clean, fragrant. Special

LOR-ODO for MEN, too.



50¢

(Plus Tax)

If unavailable locally, send 60¢ to L'Ore, Inc., 6 East 39th St., New York 18

JUST OVER 30 and my hair going gray

Just imagine my discouragement.

Then my beauty operator suggested

ETERNOL! What a revelation! My

hair's restored to its natural-looking

color... but so much lovelier, I'm

breathless. And in this swift treat-

ment! ETERNOL's exclusive color-

controlled action, it is so pleasant and

sure, it's nonsense to put up with gray hair.

Ask your hairdresser.



eternol TINT OIL SHAMPOO

Thin, receditions, cleanses in one simple operation

FREE: New 2-page booklet "Radiant Hair on the 'Easy Plan'." Write

Parquet-Olar, Corp., Dept. A-9, 8 W. 32nd St., New York 1, N. Y.

★

Does your smile still stop the Show?

★



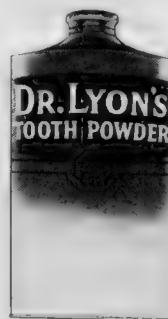
TAKE YOUR CUE from this little star! You can't start too early with DR. LYON'S!

SWEET AND LOVELY—such a smile wins applause for a healthy habit—DR. LYON'S!

It's never too late to start this proved way to clean your teeth!

NOW IS THE TIME—and Dr. Lyon's is the way—to do something about the appearance of your teeth! Maybe it's smudgy smoke-stain or gradually darkening film that's hiding the natural, wholesome beauty of your smile. But whatever it is that mars this great personality asset: remember—there's *nothing* you can buy which will *clean* your teeth more

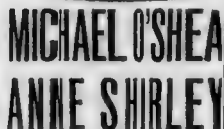
quickly...more thoroughly...more *beautifully* than Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder! This great dentifrice—made originally by an experienced practising dentist—sets the highest standard known for cleaning teeth *effectively*! For this very reason, year after year, Dr. Lyon's outsells all other tooth powders on the market. Ask your druggist *today* for—



DR. LYON'S

America's No. 1 Tooth Powder

**of the toughest guy
who ever bossed a ship-
building crew or con-
quered a woman's
heart. Spectacular-ex-
citing-dramatic action!**



with

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DAN DURYEA • STEPHANIE
BACHELOR • RAY WALKER
TOMMY BOND

A REPUBLIC PICTURE.



Fourteen Hundred Tons of Snow Had to Be Manufactured and Antlers Were Wired to the Hornless Reindeer.

IF a movie director wants the North Pole moved to Hollywood so that it can be "shot" for the amusement of the nation's cinema fans, he gets it. Or the prop man suddenly starts looking for another job.

Not long ago that seemingly unreasonable demand was made of the Paramount property department chief, for a scene in the new Bing Crosby-Bob Hope-Dorothy Lamour picture "Road to Utopia."

The demand, made over the phone, went something like this:

"Look, the script writer's got a funny gag about Santa Claus and the North Pole. Among other things we'll need the Pole, eight real reindeer and 1,400 tons of snow."

The studio carpenters turned out their idea of the North Pole and several realistic, non-melting igloos. But, with all their skill, they can't make live reindeer, complete with antlers.

Hundreds of dollars worth of telegrams finally unearthed a man in Alberta with a reindeer herd. The beasts were driven a hun-

WHAT is undoubtedly the most expensive highway in the world runs through the wild green jungles of New Guinea. It is paved with gold.

Oddly enough, the rich roadway, which was recently completed by Allied military engineers, was unknowingly surfaced with the valuable ore.

Construction gangs, using whatever rock they could lay their hands on, were unaware that they had taken rich gold deposits to make a smooth lane for automobiles and trucks.

dred miles over the snow to the nearest railway station and put aboard a baggage car.

Two men rode with them to see that they were fed and watered regularly—and to keep them from wrecking the car and each other.

By the time the deer got to Hollywood they had shed their horns—as animals of their breed do from time to time. So a lot of hatracks and taxidermists' shops were raided and antlers were found for them. It was a tough job wiring them on.

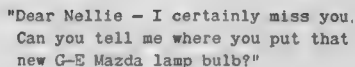
The snow was another problem. The director wanted the real stuff. So tons of ice were trucked to the set where machines ground it up and blew it all over the stage in a chilling man-made blizzard.

The stars and the extras worked in a refrigerated atmosphere for a week and thawed out on hot coffee between shots. Although the North Pole sequence will run only one minute or so on the screen, the movie makers had to cough up \$22,000 for reindeer and snow.

The workers tossed everything into their rock crushers and cement mixers and, to the uninitiated eye, the gold-bearing rock looked just like any other kind of stone.

It was when the highway dried out, and took on a bright sparkle in the sun, that the engineers gave a closer look at the rock that was going into the roadbed.

Amazed foremen discovered that their workers had used about \$1,000,000 worth of gold—some 45,000 ounces of the metal—in building a two-mile long thoroughfare through the bush.



**"TO MAKE G-E LAMPS
STAY BRIGHTER LONGER"**
The Constant Aim of G-E LAMP RESEARCH

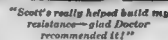



GENERAL ELECTRIC

RESISTANCE IS LOW--Here's Great News

**Read How This A & D Vitamin-Tonic
Helps Tone System!**

Has the strain of war-time work or changed conditions of living caused you to become tired, run down? To convalesce slowly from minor ills? *Then don't delay another second—try good-tasting Scott's Emulsion today.* Scott's Emulsion can soon help your energy, stamina and resistance if there is a dietary deficiency of natural A and D Vitamins. Helps you recover from minor ills more promptly too. So try it—see what it can do for you!



**DON'T DELAY! Right Now—Do
This as Many Doctors Recommend**

Thousands upon thousands take Scott's Emulsion regularly to help tone up their system. That—plus the fact many doctors recommend Scott's—proves it must be good. So today, get the great benefits of this valuable Vitamin A and D Tonic. Start taking Scott's daily, throughout the year. See how energy and stamina come back—make you "feel better"—when you're no longer deficient in Vital Elements, natural Vitamins A and D.

Great for children too! Buy economical, good-tasting Scott's Emulsion this very day at your druggist.

RELIABLE! 4 Ways Better!

1. Rich in natural A & D Vitamins—valuable food supplement and summer tonic.
2. Exclusive process promotes its digestion and assimilation.
3. Good-tasting. Economical.
4. Helps make children husky too; helps build strong bones, sound teeth, a sturdy frame.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Great Year-Round Tonic For All Ages

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REPLACES ORDINARY LAMP BULBS

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IN THE BATH

IN THE LAMPS IN ALL ROOMS

"LIGHT OF TOMORROW" BRINGS YOUR FAMILY ADDED EYE COMFORT TODAY

Leading University faculty have been experimenting in various branches of scientific research and in every instance have reported favorably on this new product.

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VERD-A-RAY

RELIEVES EYESTRAIN - REDUCES GLARE MAKES IT EASIER FOR YOU TO SEE

Where glare or other eyestrain factors exist this lamp is a relief. One large industrial plant, which tested and proved before buying, reported in Safety Engineering Magazine that in one department - in one month - 367 man hours were saved by the reduction of hospital treated headaches by 69.13% and the reduction of hospital treated minor accidents by 54%. Medical journals report laboratory and clinical data indicating above advantages.

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VERD-A-RAY IS AN AID TO SIGHT

Select these newest patterns in smart colors at your favorite store \$1.00 - \$1.50



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WRINKLE RESISTANT TIES

or write to
A. Schreier & Sons, Inc.
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for your nearest dealer

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New Books for Homemakers

"THE Baby Manual," by Dr. Herman N. Bundchen, is a careful and detailed guide book for the bewildered young mother. It is not supposed to take the place of the family doctor's advice and help, but it adds to his help while the physician is busy elsewhere. The latest information on child care is given in a simple and a very practical way. The manual is divided into four parts, beginning with prenatal care and continuing through the baby's first two years. There are many hundreds of questions, given and answered in detail, the questions all mothers face with their babies. The answers fall naturally into groups covering the most important details that will come up during successive months. The manual has a complete and easy index so that information can be found without fuss or bother. (Simon and Schuster, Inc. \$3.)

Mother Hubbard

MOTHER HUBBARD'S Cook Book, by Marion White, is a new kind of simple, easy cookbook. The recipes are foolproof and they are of today's vintage, when neither time nor food can be wasted. Well named, the Mother Hubbard recipes are kind to the food budget. Marion White is also author of "Sweets Without Sugar" and other books. (Published M. S. Mill Co., Inc., 286 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. \$2.)

Family Clothes

COMPLETE Home Care of Your Family Wardrobe, by Constance Talbot, is a book that is the dream-come-true and a delight to the busy homemaker who runs her home as economically and as efficiently as she can. It gives tested information, streamlined and up to the moment, on sewing, mending, cleaning, laundering, stain removal and much else. Miss Talbot illustrates this book with clever charts, check lists, short cuts and more than 300 illustrations. (Published by Arco, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City. \$2.75.) —E. M.

In the House

YOU can coax a temperamental window shade back to normal easily. If a shade won't roll up all the way, take it off the brackets and roll it onto the roller completely. Then replace and test it. If the shade still fails to work properly, insert the flat end of the roller into any keyhole and turn the roller a few times to rewind the spring.

CLAMS, oysters and mussels purchased in the shell should be covered with fresh warm water before prepared for cooking. The fresh water makes them discharge any sand in the shell and they can then be scrubbed and cleaned. The same trick works for spinach, too! Cover the fresh, uncleaned spinach with warm water and let stand a few minutes, then rinse briskly in running cold water and proceed to clean as usual.

NAZI-JAP ERASER

For free, labels in picture colors to paste on ink-saving containers, send 10-cent ad request, enclosed to: Household Almanac, The American Weekly, P. O. Box 91, Central Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



Although only 12, Janet Comerford is a successful model for children's clothes. She has appeared in several movies, including a Xmas War Bond picture.

Everybody's whistling this Happy Little Washday song

RIN-SO WHITE

Try Rinso...the soap that GETS OUT MORE DIRT



• Get Rinso in time for next washday — and you, too, will whistle RINSO WHITE! You'll be thrilled to see how Rinso soaks even grimy work clothes spotlessly clean with just a little rubbing. And in washers, Rinso's top-speed suds get clothes snowy and sweet in as little as a 5-minute run of the machine.

Rinso is safe for washable colors; leaves them vivid and crisp even after dozens of washings. Economical — a little goes a long, long way. Be sure to get Rinso.



AVOID SOAP WASTE

"They can't call
me a Sissy..."



... MY LUNCH IS LIKE DAD'S!
Sure Mom knows how to pack a "he-man" lunch! She makes sandwiches of whole wheat or enriched flour bread. She includes meat, eggs or cheese for proteins... milk for calcium... vegetables and fruits for vitamins and minerals. She knows it's necessary for good health and energy.

And Mom knows, too, that it's necessary to keep lunch foods fresh. So she wraps each tightly in Cut-Rite—the waxed paper that's super-calendered for super protection. Get Cut-Rite in the big blue and white carton today—at your grocer's.

Automatic Paper Machinery Co., Inc.
Hoboken, New Jersey

CUT-RITE
WAXED PAPER



THERE'S ONE JOB
You NEEDN'T DO.

You needn't waste time scouring ugly stains from toilet bowls. Avoid all fuss and muss. Sani-Flush makes toilet bowls sparkling white the quick, easy, sanitary way. Use it at least twice a week. Removes a cause of toilet odors and the invisible recurring film in which toilet germs lurk.

Sani-Flush is not like ordinary soaps and cleansers. It works chemically—even cleans the hidden trap. Doesn't injure toilet connections. (See directions on can.) Sanitation without scouring or disinfectants. Sold everywhere—two handy sizes.



Sani-Flush
QUICK
EASY
SANITARY

War Bonds pave roads to victory

28 September 3, 1944

HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC



Put Fish in the Menu

it's good and
good for you

To keep fish white—
Add one tablespoon of
lemon juice and one-half
teaspoon salt to one
quart of water when
boiling fish.

Creamed fish—Sprinkle
canned or cooked
fish with lemon juice be-
fore adding cream sauce.

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

HAVE you noticed recently that there is more fish and shellfish at your market? As long ago as last March, Uncle Sam promised that by late summer there would be more abundant supplies of seafood to help housekeepers provide their families with the necessary full quota of protein dishes. The Government's promise was based on its anticipation that more ships would be available at this time for fishing operations because many of the smaller vessels, originally owned by fishermen and loaned to the war effort, would be going back into private life on the sea and the inland lakes and streams.

And this has really happened, so that once more large supplies of certain ocean fish, as well as many other kinds are coming in daily. And now it's easy to add seafood to your menus and to plan meals around the good flavor and succulent, appetizing fish steaks and the baked, casserole and creamed dishes made with this nourishing food.

Full of Vitamins

MIX fish sandwiches for the workers' lunchboxes and school lunches, too, because seafood is an excellent source of most of the minerals which young bodies need to develop properly and which everyone needs for strength and good health. Fish contains calcium and phosphorus for the bones and teeth and iodine, magnesium, phosphorus, iron and copper for bodily nutrition needs. Although fishliver oils have long been recognized as good sources of vitamins A and D, it is good to know that the essential B vitamins are also present in this food from the sea.

How to Buy

INSIST on freshness. "Fresh" fish **MUST** be freshly caught and absolutely free of any off odor, and always be on ice or coldly refrigerated. Be sure the flesh is firm and elastic, scales clinging to the skin (in most species), the gills reddish, eyes bright and full, not sunken. Fresh, refrigerated fish and quick-frozen fish are equally good.

Shells should be tightly shut on oysters and clams, showing that the inhabitants are alive. Crabs and lobsters should be bought alive or else as cooked meat. And most important: buy at a reputable fish market.

Above:
Stuffed Fish
Ready for the
Oven; and
Fillets on the
Broiler.

Right: Quick-
Frozen Cod
and Vegetables
for Baking, an
Easy and
Delicious
Dinner.



Fish at the Market

WHOLE or round fish, marketed in the form in which they come from the water, must be cleaned, the viscera removed, the fish rinsed. Cut off the heads of such fish, scale them and usually remove the fins in all but very small ones.

Or buy fish already cleaned and split open, requiring only a quick rinsing in your kitchen and recipe preparation.

Or buy fresh or quick-frozen fish steaks, slices or fillets. Fillets are the meaty slices cut lengthwise

from the sides of the fish and they contain no bones or other waste.

And don't overlook the canned, salted, smoked or dried fish, all adaptable to many kinds of good cookery.

Clean and prepare fish for cookery as soon as it comes from the market. If it must stand some time before cooking, put it in a glass dish with a tightly fitting cover or wrap it securely in two or more thicknesses of waxed paper and set it in the coldest part of the refrigerator in either case.

Fish on the Table

GARNISH the fish platter with sections of lemon or lime; add small, crisp bits of watercress or parsley; serve hollowed lemon rind shells filled with Mayonnaise or a Lemon Tartare Sauce.

Lemon Tartare Sauce

1 cup Lemon Mayonnaise
½ teaspoon onion juice
1 tablespoon small capers
2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickles
½ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
½ teaspoon dried oregano or sweet marjoram

Combine all ingredients. Thin as needed with lemon juice. Six to eight servings.

Scalloped Fish

6 slices bread
¼ cup minced onion
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour

1½ cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper

1 pound can salmon
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup grated cheese

Toast the bread lightly and arrange the slices in a baking dish. Cook the onion until tender in butter or margarine. To make a white sauce add the flour and mix smoothly, adding the milk and salt and pepper. Cook until thickened, stirring for smoothness. Add the salmon from which the bones have been removed. Add the lemon juice. Mix well. Pour into the baking dish on top of the toast. Top with the cheese. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.). Six servings. In place of salmon use two cups of tuna or any other canned fish.

Here is a delicious stuffing for a medium-sized fish, to serve four:

1½ cups coarsely-broken crackers
1 small onion
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon dry basil
½ teaspoon marjoram or thyme
1 tablespoon sweet pickles or pimiento, finely minced
¼ cup fortified margarine, melted

Mix the ingredients in the order given. Stuff them into the cleaned and seasoned fish. Sew it up and place it in a casserole in which you have laid two or three slices of bacon or salt pork. Pour milk into the pan to cover the fish. Bake it in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) one and one-half hours.

Broiled Fillets

FROZEN fillets are quick and easy to prepare and economical. Here is a special recipe rich in flavor: 6 fillets of haddock or perch

¾ cup fine bread crumbs
1 teaspoon chili powder
1 tablespoon grated onion
3 tablespoons fortified margarine, melted
Salt, pepper

Arrange the fillets in a baking pan. Mix the remaining ingredients and spread over the fish. Bake in a very hot oven (450 deg. F.) or broil them slowly under low heat. Three to four servings.

DO you bring on your collection of prepared nutcrackers when you serve up crisp fish cakes?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



"...and that's the secret of a bright, shining sink!"

There's no great mystery about Grandma's shiny sink. She simply uses Bon Ami regularly—year after year! You see—harsh, gritty cleansers gradually wear away the smooth, bright surfaces of a sink or tub. But Bon Ami is different! It's free from scratchy grit... safe! Keeps your things always looking their bright and glossy best!

Bon Ami
polishes as it cleans!



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"One is the Norden bomb sight — the other is a box of Wheaties."

FLYING MODELS

RUSSIAN YAK

REPUBLIC THUNDERBOLT



You can build and fly your own copies of Yak 1-26, ravaging pursuit ship, and Thunderbolt F-4. Outstanding land-based jets of the U.S. Army Air Force. Airplane full-edge model with full fuselage and cowling can cover ground. Actually fly up to 100 feet more when launched by hand. Show name and address with 2 Wheaties box tops to Jack Arnott, Dept. 111, Minneapolis 1, Minn. Send no money. Your planes are free! at once. Offer expires November 3.

FREE! WITH 2 WHEATIES BOX TOPS

Read the exciting true life stories every week in The American Weekly.

Delicious Seafood

USE fresh or quick-frozen fillets for this recipe:

Haddock Fillets

- 1 clove garlic
 - 2 tablespoons salad oil
 - 3 cups cooked tomatoes
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ bay leaf
 - 1 bay leaf
 - 6 whole cloves
 - 4 fillets of haddock
- Mince the garlic fine and cook two minutes in the oil. Add the mashed tomatoes, seasonings and flavorings and simmer till thick, about thirty minutes. Arrange the fillets in the pan and either simmer it on top of the range or bake it in a moderate oven (350 to 375 degrees) about twenty-five minutes. Four servings. Add a pinch of dried thyme or marjoram to the seasonings for extra good flavor.

Kedgerie

- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound smoked salmon
 - 2 cups cooked rice
 - 2 hard-cooked eggs
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika
 - Nutmeg
 - 4 tablespoons fortified margarine, melted
- Have the salmon sliced very thin. Cut it into thin strips and mix most of it with the rice and chopped egg whites and seasonings. Brown this lightly in the

melted margarine. Then pile it high on a hot dish, garnish with the remaining strips of the salmon, and grate the egg yolks over the top. Four servings.

Cod Baked with Vegetables

- 2 packages frozen cod fillets
- 2 tablespoons softened butter or margarine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned tomatoes
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely-diced onion
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced celery
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 cup cooked green beans
- 1 cup cooked peas and carrots, mixed

Let the frozen fillets partially thaw. Then sprinkle them with salt and pepper and place them in a buttered baking dish. (Do not separate the fillets.) Spread with softened butter or margarine and sprinkle with paprika. Combine the tomatoes, onions, celery and seasonings and cook in a hot oven (450 degrees) covered, six minutes. Add the beans, peas and carrots. Let bake thirty-five minutes longer or until done. Stir the vegetables over the fish occasionally to keep them from browning too much. Five servings.

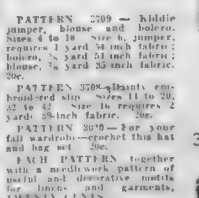
ALMANAC RECIPE CHARTS

The charts include two new ones: **DESSERT SWEETS and SALADS and DRESSINGS.**

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- 18 Favorite Cake Recipes
- 15 Favorite Bread and Roll Recipes
- 22 Favorite Preserves Recipes
- 23 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
- 18 Almanac Casserole Recipes
- 20 Popular Salad Recipes
- 21 Almanac Candy Recipes
- 18 Famous Almanac Recipes
- 18 Almanac Cookie Recipes
- 21 New England Recipes

They will be sent on receipt of name and address plainly. **ALMANAC RECIPE DEPARTMENT**
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 539 EIGHTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Today's Patterns



PATTERN 3709 — Kiddie jumper, blouse and bolero. Sizes 4 to 18. Size 6, jumper, requires 1 yard 34-inch fabric; blouse, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 34-inch fabric; bolero, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 35-inch fabric. 70c.

PATTERN 3708 — Blouse, embroidered shirt, sizes 11 to 20. Size 14 requires 2 yards 35-inch fabric. 70c.

PATTERN 3020 — Top your fall wardrobe—complete this hat and bag set.

EACH PATTERN together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and carnivals. **TWENTY CENTS.**

Write plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER**, send your order to the **AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPARTMENT**, 635 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.



Try THIS FAMOUS GEBHARDT RECIPE

- ★ 1 Lb. Round Steak
- 1 Teaspoon Gebhardt's Chili Powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoon Salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cup Flour
- 2 Tablespoons Fat
- 1 Onion, chopped
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Clove Garlic, minced
- 1 Cup Tomatoes

Mix salt, Gebhardt's Chili Powder and Flour. Beat into steak. Fry garlic and onion in fat until tender. Add steak and brown on both sides. Add tomatoes with water to cover. Cover and Simmer for 30 minutes, or until meat is tender. Remove meat and make gravy in the sauce, to serve with the steak.



★ This is just one famous re-recipe from Gebhardt's new 18-recipe book, "Mexican Cookery for Home & Hotel." It's FREE! Just mail postcard to Gebhardt Chili Powder Co., 14 S. First St., San Antonio 7, Texas, for your copy of this recipe book.

Gebhardt's CHILI POWDER

THE SUN CAN STILL MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU!

Summer's not over yet. Heat rash and mosquito bites can still torment you, unless you use Mexana, the soothing, medicated powder. Just sprinkle on Mexana and feel how quickly it relieves the itch of heat rash and mosquito bites. It also guards irritated skin from chafe. And wise mothers know Mexana not only soothes baby's diaper rash, but used after every change, actually helps prevent it. Contains ingredients specialists often use to relieve these discomforts, actually little. So for the whole family's sake, buy some Mexana today.

IF HOT WEATHER HAS YOU SPOTTED

Remember Mufti can remove many spots from those light-colored clothes as well as hats, linens, upholstery, draperies and other articles made of any type of fabric. A favorite for over 25 years. Try it today. Be sure you ask for

MUFTI

THE MULTI USE SPOT REMOVER

At St. Joseph's

ICE CREAM

AS LOW AS 11¢ a pint

See to be sure you make it! It's now a LONDONER, regular and guaranteed milk or any cream that you wish. From that, no cooking, no stirring, no time, no mess, no waste, no fuss, no bother. It's just as easy as breathing. Using LONDONER, just mix it up. Add your own flavoring. Enjoy it to the hilt. It's the best ice cream you can make. LONDONER is the only ice cream that you can make at home. LONDONER is the only ice cream that you can make at home. LONDONER is the only ice cream that you can make at home.

Why Millions Now Take Their VITAMINS

THIS DELICIOUS WAY...FOR BETTER RESULTS!

**Authorities agree—vitamins do you more good
in combination with certain other food elements!**

"Vitamins do not work alone. They work as a team with certain other food elements." That's why authorities more and more are urging, "take them in food for best results." In ordinary food, or fortified food.

For this reason, thousands are turning to Ovaltine. For it is a specially fortified food. Not just a "vitamin carrier," Ovaltine contains almost all of the precious food elements necessary for health and top vitality. And especially those elements needed for vitamin teamwork.

For example, Vitamin D can't do its complete job unless you have plenty of calcium and phosphorus, as found in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vita-

min A can't function fully unless you also have plenty of high-quality protein, such as Ovaltine supplies. Vitamin B₁ can't spark food into energy unless it has fuel-food to work on.

There is another advantage you should not lose sight of. The elements found in Ovaltine do not vary. They are accurately measured in every ounce. Ordinary foods sometimes vary sharply, but you can count on the vitamins and minerals in Ovaltine day in and day out.

So why not turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy, delicious way to get the extra vitamins and minerals you need, for better health and all-round vitality!

OVALTINE

PLAIN & CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

SEE SOME OF THE THINGS
2 GLASSES OF OVALTINE
GIVE YOU!



MORE IRON
THAN 3 SERVINGS OF
SPINACH

MORE CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS
THAN 2½ SERVINGS OF
AMERICAN CHEESE

MORE VITAMIN D
THAN 10 OUNCES OF
BUTTER

MORE VITAMIN A
THAN 2 SERVINGS OF
PEAS

MORE NIACIN
THAN 5 SLICES OF
ENRICHED BREAD

MORE FOOD-ENERGY
THAN 2 DISHES OF
ICE CREAM

MORE VITAMIN G
THAN ¾ POUND OF
SIRLOIN STEAK

MORE VITAMIN B₁
THAN 3 SERVINGS OF
OATMEAL

MORE PROTEIN
THAN 3 EGGS

OVALTINE

3 out of every 4 people need extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons for this include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also losses due to shipping, storing and cooking.

"I OUGHTA BE IN PICTURES"



Movie moguls know glamor... and boy, I've got it! Red Heart Dog Biscuits gave me Hollywood teeth, Hollywood hair... and I'm all dressed up with beauty!

They're just what you dog needs, too. Red Heart Dog Biscuits—heart-shaped or round—in 11-oz. cartons and 2-lb. bags.

John Morrell & Co. General Offices, Chicago, Ill.

RED HEART DOG BISCUITS

New developments in science, thrilling events in history, and the modern marvels of medicine are related in *The American Weekly*.

Kitchen Range Care

By ELEANOR MERRITT

TAKE good care of your range whatever its age and kind—electric, gas, oil or coal. For surface cleaning, it is easier to wipe off spilled and boiled-over food, when it happens, before it dries than after the range cools off. On electric models be careful in cleaning the surface to not wet the units; never use water on the surface around them. Wipe the surface with a damp soapy cloth or one into which a little mild cleanser has been rubbed. Then wipe off this same surface with a clean dry cloth and then with a dry cloth.

The Oven

INSIDE the oven use a brush to whisk out any burned, dried crumbs. Wipe all surfaces there with a damp cloth but avoid making an electric unit damp or wet. Leave the door open after using any oven, to dry it out a little, so that steam from the cooking does not rust it.

The burners in some gas ranges can be taken apart and scrubbed, the holes opened and cleaned with a stiff brush or wire. Then all pipes can be cleaned off and the dry parts assembled again. The gas oven can be cleaned just as you clean the electric range oven. Broiler burners splattered with grease need frequent cleaning and of course the broiler pan should be washed after each use, dried and put back in place again.

With a new range follow

the manufacturer's instructions on cleaning and general care. If you have an old range in need of general overhauling, ask the fixit man or plumber's assistant or neighborhood handyman to help you.

After washing the surface of an iron stove with soap and water and drying it, it can be gone over with an oily cloth to prevent rust forming. But wipe it carefully with a clean, dry cloth after the oily cloth rub to prevent any sticky surfaces.

Oil Stoves

THE stoves fueled with oil need frequent careful wiping off and drying. If the wicks are the kind that need trimming, do this carefully; rub them with tissue paper and do not cut them unless sharp points and unevenness appear. Then do the cutting carefully. When the stove is not in use keep the wick level with the edge of the wick holder.

Chromium Trim

TAKE care of the chromium trim on any range. It needs wiping off, but do this with a soapy cloth, then a dry one, or using only the most gentle of abrasives. The cleanser should not be the scratchy kind. Dry all chromium parts carefully, too.

General care of the range is easy if it is done day by day, and not left for a weekly cleaning day. Grease, sooty film and other dirt accumulate and not only make it unsightly, but eventually interfere with its effectiveness.



"What's up—is the mail in?"

"No, a new supply of ZIPPO Windproof Lighters."



The world over, wherever there are fighting men, the demand for always reliable ZIPPOs is terrific.

This cartoon is not an exaggeration. This genuine demand for genuine ZIPPOs by G. I. Joes is the one reason there are no civilian sales at this time.

Get genuine ZIPPO long-lasting FLAMES and FLUID at your dealer.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., Dept. AW, Bradford, Pa.



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Try this simple method. Results may surprise you!

If pimples or blemishes are externally caused, try this proved way. Cleanse with mildly medicated Cuticura Soap as directed, then apply Cuticura Ointment. Recommended by many nurses! For FREE Ointment sample, write to Cuticura, Dept. A-49, Malden, Mass.



*** MOTHER ***

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BITE NAILS

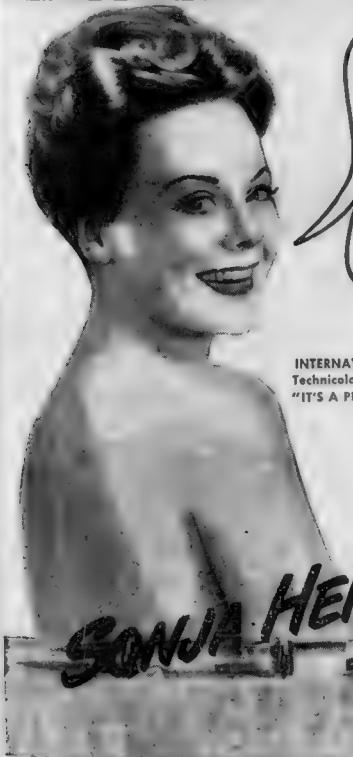
USE THUM

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AT ALL DRUG STORES



MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE SKIN IS SWEET... A DAILY LUX SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS A WONDERFUL WAY TO MAKE SURE!



SONJA HENIE

INTERNATIONAL'S Technicolor Musical "IT'S A PLEASURE"

FIGHT WASTE

Use your Lux Toilet Soap wisely. It contains material vital to the war effort. Never waste it.

This lovely screen star gives you a tip you'll want to follow! The rich, creamy lather of Lux Toilet Soap caresses skin so gently, carries away every trace of dust and dirt. When you step out of a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath you're sure of perfect daintiness. You feel like a million, and you look it!



LUX TOILET SOAP

You want daintiness—the charm men can't resist. Protect it with a daily beauty bath with fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. Leaves your skin sweet—perfumed with a delicate clinging fragrance.



Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S... It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

★ "He'd trade
1000 pin-ups
for one letter
from you!"

SAYS GINGER ROGERS

"Uncle Sam can give our fighters everything they need—everything but letters. And it's a letter your lonesome boy needs now... a bit of home he can put in his pocket.

"Remember, many a soldier's life has been saved by a letter. For military authorities tell us that a letter from home makes a man more alert. He reacts faster under fire and is more likely to escape injury.

"That's why invasion troops have received their mail so soon after hitting the beaches. That's why when they pass the ammunition to the front—they pass your letters, too. So, please—please write your boy today."



GINGER ROGERS

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"DOUBLE FURLOUGH"

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To keep your pen writing... use

protective Parker Quink containing solv-x!

★ Parker Quink—alone of all inks—contains solv-x to protect all makes of pens in 4 ways:

1. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.
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Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying—Quink costs no more than ordinary inks. Ideal for steel pens, too. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

FOR V-MAIL—AND EVERY USE! Parker "Micro-Film Black" Quink is the ideal writing fluid. Intensely black, it photographs perfectly. Brilliant Parker Quink also comes in a full range of colors... 7 permanent and 2 washable. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts.



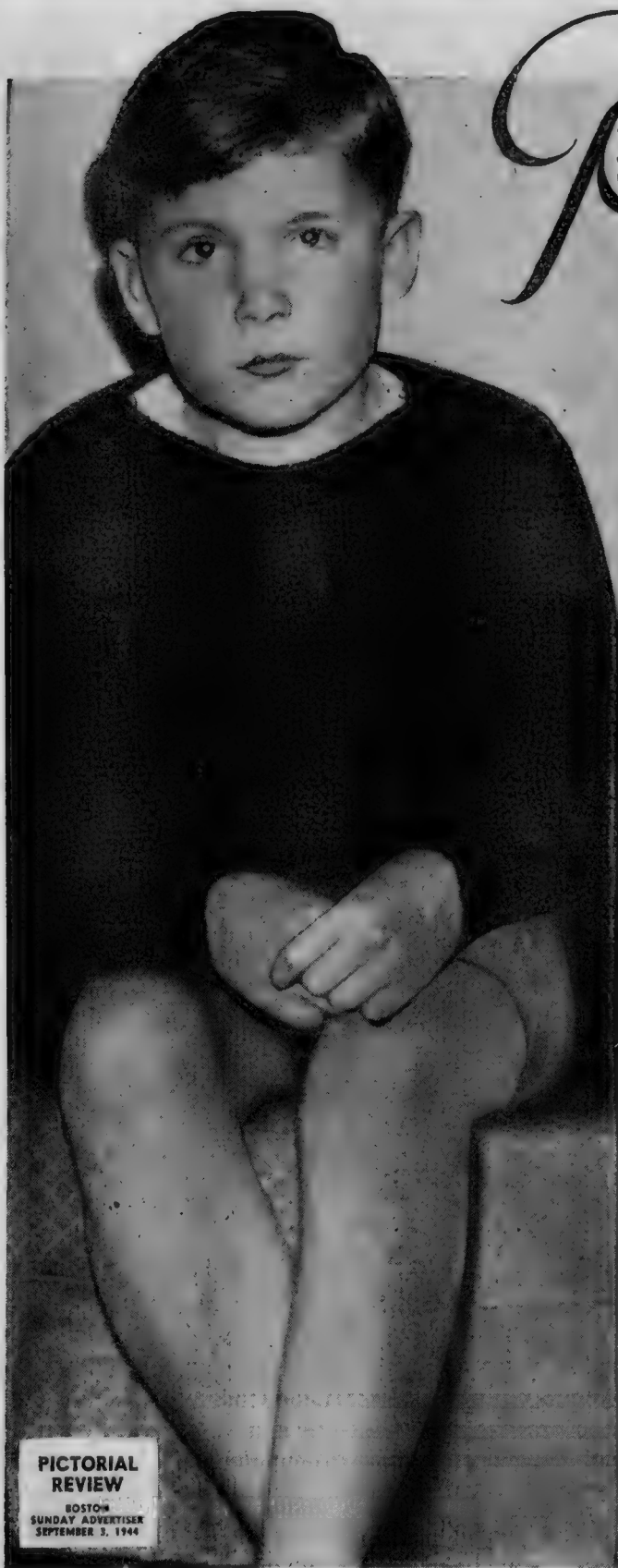
Parker Quink



THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

MAKE YOUR
DOLLARS FIGHT
—BUY WAR BONDS!

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Pawn of DIVORCE

By Alfred D. Whelton

HES ONLY 9! And whatta life! But Lance takes it in stride. Lance Haugwitz-Reventlow, that young man with the 22-letter name would as soon be just plain "Butch" if he had his way.

He's one of us now—one of us New Englanders—so let's take a look at this fellow whose mother is the richest heiress in the land and whose father dropped his Danish title to become an American.

That carefree, typical American son of Barbara Hutton Grant, the dime store heiress whose latest marriage—to Movie Actor Cary Grant—is tottering, goes on his nonchalant way apparently oblivious to the fact that he is about to become the center of one of New England's most highly-publicized child custody cases.

For all he knows he is here to go to school. But Papa Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, who was a Danish count before he chose American citizenship, has plans too.

Lance may not know it—nor does he seem concerned—that he is the pawn in a gigantic court struggle for his custody between his very wealthy mother and his titled Dad.

So he plugs along his own even way . . . looking the world in the face and interested only in the things that intrigue nine-year-olds.

RIGHT NOW he is with his Dad by decision of a far-off London court. On the other side of the country his mother seeks to get him by decree in Los Angeles.

The happy medium may or may not be reached in the Massachusetts halls of justice but Lance seems least concerned of all about that.

The exclusive photograph on this page reveals Lance as typically American as any other "he-man" who has reached the age of nine.

Until he is registered in a Greater Boston school, young Lance is a hotel dweller with his father, his seven-year-old stepsister and his father's second wife, the former Margaret Astor Drayton, a great-granddaughter of the late Mrs. William Astor of that famous New York family.

And hotelmen summed up their description of the now famous "pawn" as:

"A real boy, unusually well-bred and a lot of fun to have around."

The nearby Charles river, with its hundreds of scurrying sailboats, intrigues him. He has a lot of fun with little Pamela "Binky" Drayton, his new stepsister, to whom he is teaching the Danish that his father taught him.

Lance was only two, back there in 1938, when his Dad and mother agreed that they couldn't get along together but disagreed as to who should have their child.

HE WAS too young then to realize that soon he would be practically of world-wide fame as a "poor little rich boy" or that his mother and father had agreed he was to spend nine months of the year with his mother and the other three with his Dad.

But it was only a year later that his name was recorded in the High Court of Justice of England—March 3, 1939—in an order for the then count to have full control of the boy's education, religious training and general upbringing.

This is the order that the father would like to have enforced now by order of the Massachusetts courts and this is the order that Barbara seeks to block in a court order from California.

How then can a blustery boy of nine, a typical American boy, remain "himself" through all this?

Give him a crew-neck sweater and other knock-about clothes . . . maybe a boat and a fishing line . . . or a battered football and such. And let Mamma and Papa take care of all this court stuff.

It's such a mould from which Lance was cast and he seems to like the style.

This exclusive photo of Lance Haugwitz-Reventlow was taken at his temporary home in a Boston hotel while he awaits school opening and parents' battle over custody.

PICTORIAL
REVIEW

BOSTON
SUNDAY ADVERTISER
SEPTEMBER 3, 1944

Knight's *really* OUT THIS TIME

By ANTHONY MERRILL

"KNIGHT'S OUT!" The pursuer—he of Metropolitan Opera upside down fame—may pursue no longer. All of which means that Richard A. Knight, the now disharred attorney who once startled New York first nighters by standing on his head at the opera lounge bar and repeating the performance outside for news cameras, has definitely lost his ultra-wealthy and ever so social wife.

It's five years now since Richard nonchalantly tapped down his top hat and with one fell flip of his well-tailored tails, zoomed over into a head stand while the stand first nighters yipped no end.

It's four years since wealthy Dorothy Ledyard Knight decided that a combination of the resultant publicity and continued antics in public of a husband whose profession called for dignity, should be cut out of her life—forever.

So she filed for divorce.

Now, any man who would have the audacity to do a head stand in top hat and tails at the opera, couldn't be expected to accept such a situation.

LIKE the knights of old he pursued his Lady Fair and it wasn't long before the public prints carried items to the effect that Dorothy had withdrawn her suit against him, who had been described by many as the man with the nerve of brass and a heart of gold.

Again the couple traipsed Broadway together. There were more trips to the opera. There were NO MORE upside down performances.

Dorothy solemnly announced: "My husband's program of passive resistance has finally broken me down. I'm afraid I must at last concede that he has out-set and out-talked me."

"Actually he amuses and charms me more than anybody in the world. And so, to tell the truth, I'm pretty happy about going back."

Time, of course, marches on but it increased its tempo in the lives of the Knights just about a year later. By now it is three years ago.

It was charged that he had formed a bad habit—that of writing scurrilous letters to various attorneys, insisting that his wife and their two children had not received their rightful shares from the huge estate of her father, Lewis Cass Ledyard, Jr.

For such antics he was disharred in May, 1942, and again the ugly threat of divorce reached fruition when Dorothy filed for a second time.

MUCH quicker was this reconciliation. In less than two months that action, too, was withdrawn and the Knights tripped life's erratic path together again.

Even as the time for reconciliation had briefly so did the time for the next "scene de combat." Three weeks later, to the day, a busy court clerk ho-hummed over Dorothy's third petition to put the Knights asunder. Little did he know that this one was destined to "take" and "take" it did.

Back into battle plunged the Knight (Errant) in pursuit of the Lady Fair.

Definite divorce did nothing more than add zest to the chase and again the Knights became chummy. So chummy did they get that the playboy ex-lawyer solemnly announced to the

world that he would soon remarry and that his bride was to be the wife who had just divorced him.

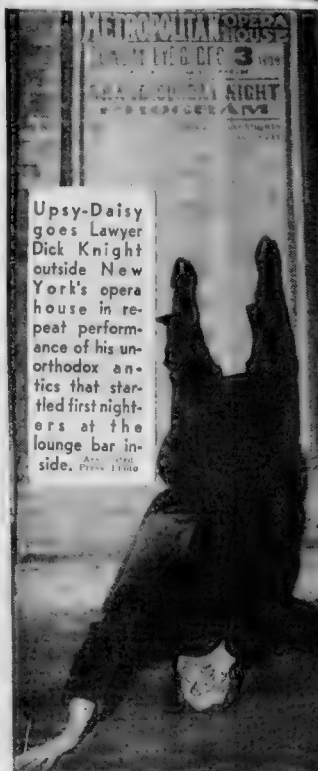
Dorothy added credence to her ex-husband's boast by again arm-in-arming with him to various places of amusement.

Records are vague—more likely confused—as to just what happened to the romantic Knights after that, but something definitely DID happen.

OUT of the blue came despatches from Reno:

"Mrs. Dorothy Ledyard Knight, socially prominent New Yorker, and Reville Kniffin, New York business executive, were married here today. She obtained a divorce here March 1, 1943, from Richard A. Knight, New York attorney, who attracted attention in 1939 by standing on his head at the lounge bar of the Metropolitan Opera House."

Dorothy's new husband is



Wealthy Dorothy Ledyard Knight (above), whose marriage dashed hopes of her head-standing ex-hubby, Lawyer Dick Knight (in happy mood at right), for remarriage to him.



executive vice-president of Zenith House Products. The couple met in Reno while the ex-Mrs. Knight was establishing residence to give Dick the old heave-ho.

"It's a disgrace," fumed the

upside-down hubby when he heard in New York about the marriage. "She'll come crawling back to me within three months," the capricious Knight predicted.

Could this be the end for such a versatile suitor as Dick Knight? Is there any obstacle he can't surmount? Only time can answer but it looks, for the present at least, that "Knight's Out!"

Hedy's 'Ex' - Still a Mystery Man

By KATHERINE DONOVAN

FRITZ MANDL, the man of munitions and mystery, and better known in this country as the first husband of the beautiful Hedy Lamarr, is once again enshrouded in the dark mists of international military intrigue.

The hawk-faced multimillionaire, sometimes called the "Pocket Zaharoff" after the late Sir Basil Zaharoff, the European magnate of death and destruction, has incurred the keen displeasure of the United States State Department. In fact, he is definitely in the doghouse.

During the past week he has been blacklisted on the charge that his mighty munitions interests are now at the disposal of Argentina, where he has been a resident for some time, and that this Axis-minded nation, through his connection with their war plants, is helping to arm Argentina's military forces.

The State Department naturally does not go into details, and so whatever the machinations of the Austrian-born tycoon in his recently adopted pro-Fascist land, they are, as usual, a mystery.

But the United States government has made clear that since Mandl's name has been openly associated with 19 other Argentine firms, this country will have no dealings with him. And so Mandl, who certainly knows how to choose beautiful women as wives, has apparently chosen the wrong country for business purposes.

PERHAPS the interest of the U. S. government in what Herr Mandl is now doing for a living would not be so intense except for the fact that four years ago, posing as a destitute Austrian expatriate fleeing the Nazi invasion of his native land, he came to this country and announced his intention of starting life anew, making bicycles.

He claimed to have been stripped of his lands and his fortune, his power in the munitions world of Europe and of everything he valued, including Hedy Lamarr, who had already divorced him in Latvia.

She had sighed that she grew weary of his palatial Viennese mansion, of dining off solid gold dinner plates with Austrian nobility, and of Fritz' unreasonable resentment when she had appeared in the now famous film, "Ecstasy," clad in several scenes only in the ripples of the Blue Danube, in which she bathed without the impedimenta of clothing.

But Mandl, instead of settling down to make bicycles, changed his mind and decided to go to Argentina and go right on making munitions. And before he left, he held no less than 30 farewell parties at a swank and costly New York night club, at a cost of \$1000 a party, which seemed rather excessive for an impoverished Austrian refugee.

Carrying out the motif of mystery, Mandl was accompanied during these farewell parties by the blonde Baroness von Schneider of Vienna, who had also managed to escape from Austria following the Anschluss, and who had been sojourning, by strange coincidence, in



Buenos Aires before joining Mandl in Manhattan.

IT WAS during one of the last and most opulent parties, on a New Year's Eve, when Mandl announced that the Baroness had become his bride, a year ago, in Elkton, Md. The announcement was made in the presence of such prewar royalty as the former Empress Zita of Austria and her son, still the pretender to the defunct Austrian throne, Archduke Otto.

It was a regular old home week for the so-called impoverished aristocrats of Austria, other guests reported, but it was still mysterious. All the Austrians claimed to be poor, but Empress Zita and Otto still talked of their share of the crown jewels and their pretensions to the throne; the newlywed baroness was arrayed in diamonds, emeralds and mink, and Mandl still had the ready cash to pay \$30,000 for his 33 parties and to maintain his bride in a penthouse suite at the Ritz.

Mandl, before announcing

that he was settling down to the bicycle business, a co-operative proposition which would improve relations between the United States and Argentina, had declared he had fled Austria just before the Nazi invasion, after his \$100,000,000 fortune had been confiscated.

But there were those who insisted that before leaving his native land he had been shrewd enough to sell his widespread factories to Germany for approximately the same amount. And there are others who wondered just how bicycle plants would improve relations between the United States and Argentina, as it seemed a long bicycle ride between Buenos Aires and New York or even Washington.

Some wondered if the "bicycle plants" to be established in Argentina could by any chance be connected with the formidable plant founded by Mandl's grandfather in Austria—a long-named plant called the *Hilfensberg-Patronen-Zuendhuetchen und Metallwaren Fabrik*, a rival to the world-famous Krupp munitions factories.

INTRIGUED by the possibility that this might be true, an observer of the growing Axis sympathy in Argentina recently wrote:

"South American consulates declare that munitions plants in their countries are owned by

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Dreamy-eyed Hedy Lamarr (top), whose first husband, Fritz Mandl (center with Mrs. Mandl), is still a man of mystery. At left, Hedy is shown in recent pose with her present husband, John Loder, also of the films.



By PETER LEVINS

FOURTEEN years ago today, on Sept. 3, 1930, one of the most tantalizing mysteries of our time—the Crater case—struggled loose from its bonds of silence and broke into the headlines of the world.

The stories told of the disappearance, 27 days before, of Joseph Force Crater, genial, 41-year-old Justice of the Supreme Court of New York. They related that Crater, after dining with friends in a mid-town restaurant, had stepped into a taxicab on West 45th st., Manhattan, at 9:15 p. m. Aug. 6, and had not been seen thereafter. The indications were, the reports said, that he had disappeared deliberately.

However, the explanation for such an act was not at hand. Besides, the effacement had been so complete as to be all but incredible. Not a trace of his fate or his whereabouts had been found since the slow-starting search got under way, and none was found in the subsequent world-wide hunt. His trail vanished on 45th st., never again to be discovered.

Today we would be justified in thinking differently about the Crater case than when the story first was dished out to the press and public. What seemed a likely explanation then might not seem so likely now, one reason being that 14 years is a much longer time than 27 days.

In September, 1930, it was believed that Crater would be found. In September, 1944,—no.

AS THINGS stand now in the case, the theories are pretty much as they were in the first days of the investigation. That is, Crater could have—

1. Disappeared deliberately of his own accord, and remained alive.
2. Disappeared deliberately but under compulsion, and remained alive.
3. Disappeared deliberately, either under compulsion or of his own volition, and somehow died.
4. Been murdered.
5. Committed suicide.
6. Lost his memory.

Details can be cited to support most if not all of these theories. Examining the first possibility, we know that he had become involved—not necessarily to his own discredit—in a growing political scandal that threatened his future, and may have wished to bury himself in obscurity before the storm broke.

We know, too, that on occasion he frequented night clubs—namely the Club Abbey on W. 54th st., a rendezvous of corrupt politicians and underworld potentates, then very intimately associated in New York; that he enjoyed the possibly harmless diversions offered by vivacious showgirls; and that he had over a period of years, and during his marriage, kept company with and partially supported a woman who was not his wife.

As the story will show, there was also the possibility that he disappeared to escape blackmailers.

AS FOR No. 2, there was the chance that some person or group forced him, perhaps because he knew too much and had withheld his co-operation, to efface himself on threat of death or ruin.

No. 3—We have no evidence on this point, except that he simply never reappeared. This theory includes the possibility that he disappeared of his own record, and then either died a natural or accidental death or was slain. The fact that no body was found—so far as we know—makes a natural or accidental death seem far-fetched.

No. 4—One could speculate on this point all day long. He was in politics rather deeply. He liked female companionship. He may have resisted blackmailers, or some other group of racketeers. And he may have

SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW
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JUSTICE and the Case of The Missing Jurist

had thousands of dollars on his person on the night he disappeared.

No. 5—The suicide theory has never been given much credit, possibly because it is the most uninteresting. Even so, he could have had a reason for taking his life. He may have become depressed because of the brewing political mess, or because of the chance (unproved) that he would have to quit the bench, or because of the woman angle.

No. 6—That theory is thrown in because it was a possibility. If nothing more, it seems the

apparently congenial, and childless.

During his years as a lawyer, professor and politician, Crater acquired a reputation for gentility and fellowship, as well as that of a man who knew his law.

Before his appointment to the bench, he had functioned as receiver for the Libby Hotel, a costly white elephant which had been erected to serve as a "Ritz for Jews" on the Lower East side, and which, after falling into receivership, was condemned by the city to make

Hofstadter committee inquiry which forced the resignation of Mayor James J. Walker.

As judgeships and receiverships were rich political plums in those Tammany days, we must assume that Crater did not get them for nothing.

The Libby proceedings had been concluded, but the Ewald case was still developing in early August, 1930.

Because of his appearance and manners, Crater would have had difficulty obliterating his identity among the world of the laing. Although he was 6 feet

ly, a habit gained from years of classroom lecturing.

THE Craters had been vacationing at their summer cottage at Belgrade Lakes, Me., pending resumption of the jurist's duties in New York on Aug. 25. In July, Crater had paid a brief visit to New York, and on the 26th and 27th had sojourned at the Hotel Shelbourne, Atlantic City, with two men friends and four women.

He returned to Maine on Aug. 1, apparently intending to remain until the end of the month. But two days later he was back in New York. According to Mrs. Crater, he had received a telephone call and had muttered something about "having to straighten those fellows out." He told her, she said, that he would be back the following Saturday, Aug. 9.

On the morning of Aug. 4, he was at his five-room apartment, 40 Fifth ave., and was there spoken to by the Crater maid servant, Almeda Christian. He told her to come in and clean up the place on Thursday morning, the 7th, but not to come thereafter until the morning of Monday, the 25th, as he would be out of town.

At 1 p. m., Aug. 4, he was seen lunching at a restaurant on Broadway near Chambers st. Between 4 and 5 p. m., he was seen in front of 130 W. 11th st., where Crater had called professionally on Dr. Augustus Raggi.

On Aug. 5, he was seen in the corridor of the county courthouse, near his chambers, at about 10:30 or 11 a. m., as well as in his chambers. He lunched with Justice Alfred Frankenthaler, and had dinner at the Raggi home, remaining at the latter place until about 12:30 a. m., Aug. 6.

AFTER ascending the rest of the night, apparently, at his apartment, he returned to his chambers in the courthouse. He was visited there by Samuel H. Rifkind, an attorney and friend, and was seen there by his (Crater's) secretary, Frederick A. Johnson, and his confidential attendant, Joseph L. Mara.

That morning of the 6th, Crater drew two checks, one for \$3000 on his account in the Chase National Bank and one for \$2150 on his account in the Empire Trust Co. Each was drawn to the order of "Cash." He gave these checks to Mara, who presently returned with \$5150 in bills of large denominations.

Crater did not remove the money from the two envelopes, but put them both into the inside pocket of his coat.

The jurist then borrowed a brief case from Johnson and gathered together six folders. (This was done in his inner office, with the door between it and the outer office closed.) He packed papers into the bag he had borrowed, a brief bag of his own and into six folders. Then he summoned Mara, who went into the office and directed him to tie together the six folders.

After that Crater told Johnson to lock up the chambers, and he and Mara proceeded by taxi to the Crater home, where they arrived about noon, carrying the folders and the brief cases. At his employer's direction, Mara placed the bundles on a chair in the sitting room.

"You can go now, Joe," Crater said. "I'm going up Westchester door."

Continued on Page 14



Justice Joseph Force Crater, whose disappearance in 1930 still intrigues the entire country. Police have hinted he "planned" the disappearance.

Show Girl Sally Lou Ritz, who dined with Justice Joseph Force Crater just before he vanished 14 years ago. She and Atty. William Klein saw him to a cab.

Mrs. Stella Crater, wife of missing jurist, who told police she is still baffled.

least likely of all, in view of the wide publicity and exhaustive search.

IN THE summer of 1930, Joseph Force Crater seemed well on the way toward a distinguished career.

A graduate of Lafayette College and Columbia Law School, he had been secretary to Supreme Court Justice (later U. S. Senator) Robert F. Wagner for six years (1920-26), and had long taught law at N. Y. U. and Fordham. Meanwhile, he mixed in politics, becoming president of the Cayuga Democratic Club, 131 W. 122nd st., in a Manhattan district of which Martin J. Healy, an old friend, was leader.

He had been appointed to the Supreme Court bench on April 8, 1930, by Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt to fill the unexpired term of former Justice Joseph M. Proskauer, who had resigned. The new judge was scheduled to be nominated the same year by Tammany Hall, at that time the dominant party in the city, for a full term of 14 years.

In March, 1917, he had married the former Stella Mance Wheeler, who had first met him when she consulted him about a divorce from Edward Randolph Hampton, a printer. Crater and Mrs. Hampton were married seven days after the granting of the divorce. They had remained

room for a housing and street-widening project.

HINTS of political scandal had been heard concerning both the receivership and the condemnation proceedings in which investors lost 58 per cent of what they put into the hotel, and in which someone made approximately \$2,000,000.

Crater had also been legal adviser to his friend, Leader Healy, in the case of Magistrate George F. Ewald, tried that fateful year on the charge that he and his wife paid Healy \$10,000 for his post on the bench. Although the jury disagreed and the charges subsequently were dropped, the Ewald case led to the Samuel Seabury investigation of the magistrates' courts and eventually to the

tall and weighed 180 pounds, he wore only a size 6½ hat and size 14 collar; moreover, despite his long legs, he walked with abnormally short steps.

A meticulous dresser, he owned dozens of suits, being given to double-breasted dark blue or gray most of the time. He also favored the old-fashioned type of high-collared stiff collar, in which the necktie fitted in a very slim knot. He wore his silver-gray hair parted in the middle; the teeth in both his upper and lower jaws were artificial; and at the time of his disappearance his right index finger was out of commission due to a slammed automobile door.

He talked slowly and distinct-

JEAN PARKER Wins Her Ph.D. With Latest HUBBY No. 3

By JOHN EDWARDS

HUSBAND No. 1 was not a man of few words but many—he was a writer.

Spouse No. 2 certainly was not a man of few words—he was a radio commentator.

But Hubby No. 3 for Jean Parker of the films is not a man of words but of letters. Jean has won herself a marital Ph. D.—a doctor of philosophy.

Jean's latest mate is Dr. Curtis Grotter, Ph. D., who once lived in Vienna and reportedly has achieved more than the usual success in the field of insurance as a broker.

It's a little more than a year now since the winsome little lady who once crashed Hollywood at the age of 17, walked out of divorce court with a decree against her second choice, H. Dawson Sanders, who was known to his radio clientele as "Douglas Dawson."

Only three years before, lovely Jean severed the ties of her first romance with a decree against George MacDonald, a New York newspaper writer she had charged

Lovely Jean Parker, whose new Ph. D. husband, Dr. Curtis Grotter, insurance broker, is Husband No. 3 in her rapidly moving marital life.



And here is Jean in the arms of her doctor of philosophy, Dr. Curtis Grotter, Hubby No. 3, as they danced during a party at the Westside Tennis Club in Hollywood. Husband No. 2 had been discarded shortly before.

with not liking ing Hollywood. In Hollywood that's a grave offense.

Jean's story is as close to Cinderella as possible—except that "Cindy" didn't marry three times, nor did she know much about newspaper writers, radio folks or doctors of philosophy.

But at the tender age of 16, when girls dream of parties and boy friends, Jean was washing dishes and the dirty little hands of other people's children. She was a mother's helper—too proud in her lowly station of life to accept attentions from a rich boy at school who was in love with her.

She was only a baby—Mae Green of Deer Lodge, Montana—when her mother ran away from her father. Dad was a designer, and a good one, but he was hard put to find someone to care for his child.

From family to family the growing child was shunted until one day, she had done so well in school in a study of commercial art, that she was given the "mother's helper" job in a home.

There she was encouraged in art and the design talents of the father showed up in his daughter.



Radioman Douglas Dawson, second mate of Jean.

Indirectly, her inherited talent proved to be the stepping stone from mother's helper to stardom in the movies.

As winner of a poster contest her photograph was printed in a newspaper and was noticed by Ida Koverman, confidential secretary to Louis B. Mayer.

IN LOVE, however, Jean was not so successful.

She was only 19 when she met New York newspaperman MacDonald, their friendship ripening into love and love steering her course into matrimony.

It wasn't long before "George," the New York news writer, and Jean, the Hollywood star, clashed on the well-known who is who, what and why—on whose job is most important

and where are we to live?

Jean explained it when Judge Ben Lindsey, once of juvenile court fame, handed down her decree in Los Angeles probate court:

"He didn't like Hollywood and I didn't like New York. I refused to give up my work and there was constant friction between us."

Radio being a comparatively newer field than news writing, it was natural that Jean took husband No. 2 from that pasture.

H. DAWSON SANDERS, or Douglas Dawson as he preferred to be known on the radio, was believed at that time to be the key to happiness for Jean, but it was only two years hence that the romance blew skyhigh and Jean solemnly announced that divorce was the only solution.

"He criticized my work and he criticized my friends," she announced to the world and the decree came forth in July, 1943.

Dr. Grotter, as Husband No. 2, also faces some sort of a problem in that Jean took him to New Orleans for the honeymoon and intends to start prom to from there on a tour of service camps and hospitals.

Just how Dr. Grotter is to fit in with her plans and just how his insurance interests are going to progress if he decides to go along on the tour presents a problem.

The one being a doctor of philosophy by dint of hard study and the other a doctor of philosophy by the inheritance of marriage, it may be assumed that there must be some way to be:

Philosophical about it

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HAS CURTAIN Fallen on CHEVALIER

By DAVID INGRAM

IF, as reported from Paris, Maurice Chevalier has been killed by the Maquis, the career of one of the most colorful and famous figures of the international music halls and the films has come to a somber end.

Chevalier, of the famous straw hat and the smile, began his life in abject poverty in the slums of Montmartre in Paris. Two years ago he was reported to be in active collaboration with the Germans.

He was said to have gone on the radio to urge Franco-German collaboration after the fall of France, and later, Vichy arranged with the German authorities so that he could entertain French prisoners of war. He was glad to do that for he had been a German prisoner, himself, in 1914.

His lifelong friend, Mistinguette, the little dancer with the Million Dollar Legs, has been accused of being a collaborator, too. What fate has befallen her is as yet unknown.

A strange life—Chevalier's—from the slums of Paris to the idol of the boulevards—from a wounded French poilu left to die in a ditch to one of Hollywood's most famous stars—from a luxurious villa at Cannes to possible death at the hands of an unknown Maqui with a gun.

MANY women have passed through that life, too—the diminutive Mistinguette, who flatly refused to ever grow old; Yvonne Vallee, the music hall artist whom he married—Elsie Janis, who helped him to fame, Jeannette MacDonald, who appeared in his pictures.

But it didn't seem as if there'd be much at all out of the ordinary in the life of little Maurice when he came into the world, a squalling baby, in the Parisian industrial suburb of Montmartre in 1893.

The suburb was really a slum and Maurice's father, a house painter, was pitifully poor. There were other children, too, but no one has heard of them for years. They were on their own when Maurice was 11 because their father died.

So, at the age of 12, Maurice started out to support his family by being a paint salesman. His income was practically non-existent because nobody in the neighborhood could afford paint.

His mother had to drudge away nights as a charwoman and when she got too downhearted little Maurice used to cheer her up with tall tales of how he would buy her a house with flowers at the front, a silk dress that crinkled and—a real American rocking chair.

He did actually buy Mme. Chevalier all those things in time, but it didn't seem likely then.

HE tried hard to help support the pitiful little family; he was carpenter, electrician, painter and printer by turn, but none of his jobs lasted very long.

Finally, he heard that the squalid little Cafe of the Three Lions wanted an entertainer. He got the job by promising to

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sing for nothing at all till he made good.

But he didn't make good. He turned up in his best buttoned shoes, his gray plaid trousers and a rakish old cap pulled down over his eyes—a make-up he was to use with great success later on. But though he knew all the latest tunes of Paris and had sung them through the streets all his young life, he'd never sung to a piano accompaniment in all his life.

The pianist began to play: Maurice couldn't keep time with him. The customers broke into loud laughter and the proprietor threw the future star out into the street.

Act One of the Saga of Chevalier had ended in tragedy.

Undaunted, he put on a red putty nose and a country yoked costume and began singing at obscure cafe concerts and suburban theaters where the pay was small.

ONE night, the red putty nose and the country yoked costume vanished from his dressing room so he slanted a straw hat over his eyes for the simple reason it was the only hat he had. The audience liked the hat, they liked the smile beneath it. They were his trademark from then on.

They won him a tour of the

provinces and in 1913, he suddenly in the Folies Bergere dancing a single number with Mistinguette, who was to become one of the staunchest friends he ever had.

He seemed to be on his way at last but one hot night in 1914, a regiment of poilus went marching down the dusty Parisian boulevards and Chevalier was with them, kept on his head, rifle on his shoulder.

The Germans rolled over northern France like a great grey flood and Maurice was left for dead in a ditch. When he was conscious again, he found himself in a prison camp. He stayed there for 26 long months and spent his time learning English.

He managed to escape then and the French government gave him the Croix de Guerre.

And then the war was over and he was back in Paris again, as poor as when he'd begun. His voice had gone, too, so he sang in obscure cafes to bring it back until at last the lights of the Casino de Paris went up again,

With his famous tilted straw and flashing smile, Maurice Chevalier brought many a flutter to feminine hearts but it looks as though clouds of war have blacked him out. Or have they? Here he is in his heyday. At right is his wife, Yvonne Vallee, music hall artist.

Mistinguette (left), the girl with the million-dollar legs, a loyal dance partner and only one of the many women in the life of Maurice Chevalier.



a star who could sing and dance. He thought of Chevalier and rushed to Paris. He offered the astounding Maurice an amazing sum of money to sign his name to a film contract.

The sum was so large that Maurice thought it must be a practical joke. And he laughed the producer straight out of the dressing room.

Whereupon the manager of the theater came charging in. "Maurice," he cried, "what have you done? You've sent away one of the biggest men in the American movies."

Maurice was horror stricken, but in a few weeks he had another offer, this time from Jesse L. Lasky.

SO Maurice and his wife set sail for Hollywood, where the smiling comedian developed a fine case of stage fright.

"There was no audience in front of him," he said afterward. "Nothing but cameras and a microphone. So I imagined an audience and imagined them saying 'Here comes our friend, Maurice Chevalier. I hope he's going to give a good show.'"

Maurice thought his first picture, "Innocents of Paris" was terrible, but American audiences didn't. When he slanted his straw hat over his eyes and began to sing "Louise," he'd already made a Hollywood success. And his next picture, "The Love Parade," in which Jeannette MacDonald appeared with him, was probably one of the best he ever made. With that, Maurice was not only a success; he was a sensation.

But Hollywood didn't go to the canny Frenchman's head. He'd been too poor once to throw his money around now. He used to go rattling down to the studio in the oldest Ford ever seen in California.

His straw hat and his smile

and there he was with Mistinguette.

ELSIE JANIS saw him there and took him to London for her revue, "Hello, America." And suddenly, the smiling Frenchman was a great success.

Back he went to France to become the idol of the Boulevards and his songs of "Valentine" and "The Two Elephants" were sung and whistled everywhere. It was shortly after that when he married Yvonne Vallee, the pretty little music hall singer, who had had almost as hard a life as he.

Then the talkies swept Hollywood like a storm. A young producer there badly wanted

Continued on Page 15

Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

WIEBE BAKER PERRY steps into the bride-elect set today, when her engagement to James Murchie Eaton Mixer is being formally announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eldridge Perry, of Cincinnati, O., and Little Bear's Head, N. H.

The prospective bridegroom . . . son of the George Mixters of Beacon street, and "The Old House" up in Hardwick . . . is a graduate of St. George's School, Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard University, class of 1940, where he was a member of the Hasty Pudding, Institute of 1770 and the Owl Club. He is connected with the aircraft division of a Cincinnati concern, and is a member of the Ohio State Guard.

Miss Perry attended Cours MaIntenon, Cannes, France, and is a graduate of Tudor Hall School, Indianapolis, Ind., and Vassar College, class of 1942.

Trading Post

ALL THE "Who's Who" along the North Shore will trek to Wenham's Town Hall and Historical Barn the week of Sept. 11 to do a bit of trading at the North Shore Trading Post, sponsored by an imposing array of North Shore socialites for a two-fold charity . . . North Shore Babies' Hospital and Wenham's Historical Society.

Mrs. Edward Osgood, general chairman of the colorful enterprise, is being aided and abetted by members of the Shore's summer and year 'round residents. Already the vanguard of articles to be offered for sale has materialized, with the promise of a couple of fur coats and jackets, a quantity of plated silver, antique furniture, china, glassware, etc., etc.

Mrs. B. Preston Cutler of "Seven Pines," Hamilton, in charge of the cashiers and bookkeepers, will be helped by Mrs. Robert C. Jones, Mrs. Chester A. Goldsmith, Mrs. Richard Preston, Mrs. Edmund S. Cogswell and Mrs. Nelson L. Bond. Among the volunteer workers are Mary Gorman, Katherine Gill, Mrs. Richard Perry, Mrs. Malcolm Bancroft and Edith Bancroft.

On Furlough

FURLOUGHING AT the Belmont residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Learned, is PFC Florence Learned MacIntosh . . . one of the glamour gals in Uncle Sam's WAC. Her husband, Lt. Col. William D. MacIntosh . . . well-known Boston oral surgeon . . . is now in England with the 7th General Hospital unit, composed largely of former staff members of Boston City Hospital.

This attractive WAC enlisted in March, 1943, just a month after her husband entered the service, and they were married on her very first furlough. After completing basic training at Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia, she served her first assignment at the Stuttgart Army Air Field, where she drove a staff car for the C. O. Since October, 1943, she's been on recruiting duty, traveling with an Army Air Force WAC caravan through the South, and at present is assigned to WAC recruiting at Jacksonville, Fla.

To vie with her husband's overseas ribbons, Mrs. MacIntosh wears the red and white candy-striped good conduct ribbon (for faithful and efficient discharge of duty) and the green and gold service ribbon given for re-enlistment when the WAAC became a part of the regular Army.

Congratulations

BEST WISHES to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Foley of Waban upon the arrival of their second child, a daughter, Patricia Blanchfield Foley. Their son, Michael Francis Foley, 2nd, has now reached the ripe old age of 3. Grandparent honors are being shared by Mr. and Mrs. Michael Francis Foley of Brookline and Nahant, and the Joseph Martins of Waban.



PFC FLORENCE LEARNED MacIntosh, WAC, is furloughing at the Belmont home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Learned.

Florence Beneville Becomes Engaged

MR. AND MRS. PAUL VERNON BENEVILLE, of Englewood, N. J., announce the engagement of their daughter, Florence Margaret, to Charles Eddy Cudworth, Metalsmith Inc., USN, son of Mrs. Peter Cudworth, and the late Charles Eddy Cudworth, of Boston.

The bride-elect, a graduate of St. Cecilia grammar and high school, Englewood, is now a student at Hunter College, and for the past two years has served with the AWVS.

MR. AND MRS. MARCUS COOLIDGE, of Fitchburg, announce the marriage of their daughter, Mrs. Judith Coolidge Greenwood, to W. Gordon Hughes, of South Dartmouth.

WEEK-ENDING OVER in New York are Nancy and Ellen Wilson of Newton, who will visit in Washington before returning home.

NAN SAWYER

Jordan's

The Lumber-jack Jerkin!!



Jordan's buyer had it made for them by a better maker—and it's in Pacific's 100% wool! Skirt has box pleats in front—kick pleat back—Jacket is nicely rayon lined. In purple, fuchsia, moss green, a lighter-than-royal blue. Sizes 12 to 18—\$6.95.

JORDAN'S THRIFTMODE MISSES—FOURTH FLOOR, MAIN STORE

P. S. That long-sleeved blouse comes in a super smooth rayon crepe—white, rose, brown, gold, lime, aqua, Kelly green, plum, navy. Sizes 32 to 40—\$3.98. See it in Jordan's Separates Shop, Second Floor, Main Store. Mail or phone orders.

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Gay Holiday Week-End At the Smart Resorts

By ALICE WILLIAMS

WHILE NOT AS GAY AS THE PRE-WAR ERA, it won't be exactly dull at the various fashionable summer resorts over the long Labor Day week-end.

There will be beads of house parties . . . all informal, of course . . . lots of jolly luncheons, merry cocktail gatherings, a dinner or two . . . and, as usual, the swishy country and yacht clubs scattered along our coastline from the tip of quaint old Cape Cod to the ever so swanky Bar Harbor up in Maine, will be perfect bubbles of excitement over the holiday, usually summer's last fling at the gay resorts.

Of course many of our smart Boston folk will remain at the North Shore until snow flies, but mid-September early October will find most of the vacationing socialites back in town, preparing for a busy winter of work for the year effort.

The Reading Room up in York Harbor, Me., will be a popular rendezvous for the fashionable colonists during the week-end, with much entertaining going on.

Manchester's swishy Singing Beach Club will be one of the society's popular gathering spots providing the holiday week-end is warm and sunshiny, and there will be a bit of celebrating at Myopia Hunt Club and Essex County Club, both on the North Shore.

Marblehead Neck's Corinthian Yacht Club is bidding farewell to summer via two gala dinner dances (one last night, and the other tomorrow evening) preceded, of course, by an array of cocktail gatherings.

South Shore Fun

LOTS OF GAY, informal entertaining down North Scituate way, which got under way with last night's dance at Fatherly Country Club. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burns were cocktail hosts at their ocean front home before going aloft trip the light fantastic. The Thomas McHugh's . . . popular members of the smart summer colony . . . have invited a group of their friends for cocktails at noon today, and at the same time vivacious, dark-haired Anne Ryan is hosting a similar party at the family's summer home. While Mr. and Mrs. Edward McHugh are entertaining at a late afternoon gathering.

One of the grandest parties of the week just over was the cocktail and buffet supper party, followed by dancing, which Mr. and Mrs. Louis Perini gave at their attractive North Scituate summer place in honor of Mrs. Joseph Gardetto (whose lieutenant husband is overseas with Uncle Sam's Navy).

Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Donnell, Mr. and Mrs. John McCarthy and their week-end guest, Mrs. James Fisher of Newton; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mutrie, Dr. and Mrs. Francis T. Jantzen, Mr. and Mrs. Guido Rugo, Mr. and Mrs. John Watson, Mr. and Mrs. James Martin, Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Maloney and Dr. and Mrs. William Kenney.

Oval Room Glimpses

TOWN DWELLERS are finding the Copley-Plaza's Oval Room an extremely pleasant spot to dine and dance these late summer evenings. Glimpsed Ens. Ralph Brownling, USNR, and Mrs. Brownling of Newton Center whirling about on the dance floor . . . orchid corsage with Mrs. Brownling's black crepe "shortie" . . . Sallie Favorite . . . one of our popular subdebs . . . gleaming rhinestone clip at the shoulder of her black lace frock . . . waltzed by with Ken Hanlon of Cambridge, and debutante Pat Jenney . . . cunning in jet-trimmed black . . . was squired by a gallant young Army man . . . Alison Kelsey . . . one of debdom's charming starlets . . . was escorted by one of Uncle Sam's bluejackets . . . the attractive Alison in svelte black crepe accented in Cupid pink, an orchid tucked in her long hair . . . Debutante Lucia Lee Cabot . . . in from Concord for an evening in the Oval Room . . . Also dancing to the rhythmic strains of Harry Greene's band were Anne Mitchell, Sheila Driscoll, Nancy Carpenter, June Rogers, Alice Johnston, Rosemary Kunhardt and Joan Pratt.



ESCAPE

Gray Hair

Simply wet it with Canute Water. A few applications will completely re-color it similar to its former natural shade. In one day if you wish. Your hair will retain its naturally soft texture and lustrous new color even after shampooing, curling or waving.

Canute Water

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No other product can make old hair color new! 8 Appl. Size—\$1.15 at drug stores

Leading dealers in most of America's largest cities sell new Canute Water. Write them all over hair colorings combined.



THESE ATTRACTIVE SUB-DEBS talk over the tennis situation, following an exciting match on the Longwood Cricket Club courts. The group includes Harriett Walker, daughter of the Richard F. Walkers of Brookline, Barbara Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bell's blonde sub-deb, Frances Walker (Harriett's sister) and Betty Lou Leonard, daughter of Maj. and Mrs. J. T. Leonard.

Looking Ahead

Along comes news of one of early autumn's outstanding perennials . . . the Charlotte Cushman Club's glamorous parade of styles . . . set for mid-October at the Copley-Plaza, to benefit Beantown's famous theatrical organization.

Mrs. Malcolm Bradley French (Cushman's popular proxy) is in charge of arrangements, and Dame Fashion's newest and most exciting creations will be paraded by a bevy of our important young smart setters.

GUESTING AT the Waldorf-Astoria over in New York are Mr. and Mrs. Albert M. Chandler of Newton, Miss Lillian Eyster of Newton Center, and Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Purdy of Longwood Towers, Brookline.



ONE OF OUR most charming brides-elect is Jane Adams Patterson . . . popular Junior League and Vincent Club member . . . who is slated to walk altarward on Saturday in Weston's First Parish Church to exchange marriage vows with Lt. (j.g.) John Adams Paine, Jr., USNR, of West Newton.

Trinity Alumnae

MEMBERS OF Boston Chapter, Trinity College Alumnae, will assemble for luncheon on Saturday at 12:30 o'clock at the Hotel Statler, very first activity of the autumn season.

Virginia Hoy, of Milton, chairman of the gala affair, is being assisted by Gertrude Moore and Norma Gleason of Belmont; Mary Alice Feenan of Salem, and Betty Fahay of Arlington.

A feature of Saturday's party will be the welcoming of more than two dozen Greater Boston girls, who will be freshmen at Trinity College this year.

Recent Trinity graduates will advise the prospective students regarding wartime work at the college, and in Washington, D. C. Ens. Mary Foye, USNWR, will explain alumnae activities in the service.

Boston Chapter officers for 1944-45 are Pauline McNamara, president, Anna Butler, vice-president, Rita Mullen, sec-

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Shore and Country

By THE RESORTER

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THE LABOR DAY week-end is at last with us and with its arrival comes the final wind-up of the summer season. For many

there are still a couple of weeks left at the shore or in the mountains, but for the great majority who yet have to think of the opening of school, it's homeward to the city.

Gala celebrations . . . with many for the benefit of the Red Cross . . . promise to make this the most exciting week-end of the entire season.

The Wolfeboro Garden Club's annual harvest show is to be held on Thursday at the Casino and townspeople and visitors are asked to exhibit canned goods, fruit and vegetables. The Grange, 4-H Club, Red Cross Canteen and other organizations are lending their support.

Clara Parker of Brockton is the guest of Mrs. Emma Howe at Melvin Village . . . Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whitehouse and their daughter, Evelyn, of Lynn are at Moultonboro . . . Elizabeth Meredith has come from Stoneham to spend some time with Dr. A. B. Meredith's family at Great East Lake.

Benjamin Pearson of Boston is at Madison . . . Mr. and Mrs. Collins T. Fulnam of North Reading are in Freedom . . . Mrs. Reinsford Colbath with her two children from Bedford are at Sanbornville.

Dr. Eugene Dolloff of West Medford, Rev. Randolph Merrill and Mrs. Louise Dyer Harris of Newtonville, had parts in the Old Home observance at Meredith Center last week . . . Mrs. Ethel Twomey of Lynn is vacationing at Meredith Center . . . Gilmanston guests are Emma Page of Reading, Mrs. Edith Lambert of Chelmsford, Rev. and Mrs. Richard Cartwell of Newton, Mrs. Walter J. Bigelow and Ruth Bigelow of Boston.

James Donnelly and John Devlin of Everett are at the Lakeside, Weirs, as is Mrs. George Twitchell of Swampscott . . . The John Evanses and their family of Winthrop are at Twin Tamarack Farm, New Hampton.

Florence Shattuck of Boston is in Laconia . . . Mr. and Mrs. Donald Dowling and Donald, Jr., are the guests of the Samuel Smiths in Guilford.

THE AUTHORS' TEA, sponsored by the Laconia Evening Citizen at the Laconia Tavern on Wednesday, was enjoyed by summer as well as year-round residents, all intent on seeing such writers as Le Grand Cannon, Cornelia Weyand, Ella Shannon Bowles, Bertha Damon, Frances Parkinson Keyes, Richard H. Wilkinson and getting them to autograph their books.

Recent guests at Laconia Tavern are Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Green, with their daughters, Alice and Marion, from Watertown; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hobson of Norton, Mrs. A. E. Rehn and Anna T. Rehn of Shrewsbury.

At Graystone Inn, Glendale, are Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Fay, Newton; Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Howard, Somerville; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Kinslow, Lynn; Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Gardner, Belmont; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Singer, Rosindale; Mr. and Mrs. William Stuart, Quincy; Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Anderson, Braintree; Mr. and Mrs. William Murray, Malden; Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Patterson, Peabody; Barbara Elliott, Melrose, and Helen Moran of Dorchester.

King's Grant Inn arrivals include Sgt. and Mrs. Chris Ballas, honeymooners from Bradford; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Carbondi, Jean M. Trint of Maynard; Mr. and Mrs. Willis J. Reid, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Allan H. Soper of Winthrop; the Kenneth Ballous, Sgt. Richard W. Ballou of Wollaston; Joan Vose, of Acton; Betty and Mary Fitzpatrick, Margaret and Mary Bell, of Woburn; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Harshorn, of Walpole, and Edward Sullivan of Revere. Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Lee, Martha Parker and Helen Hard-

wick of Boston, Catherine Cusick, Emily L. Bower and Julia R. Hennessey, Mary Mc Morrow of Dorchester, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. James of Newton.

At Oak Birch Inn, Alton Bay, are Claire Longier, Alvin W. Plummer, H. E. Smith, Kathleen Elenty, Marie Burns, all of Dorchester; Dorothy Beleme, Eleanor Doran of Malden, Jean Blakney of Newton, Arlene Saunders of Hyde Park.

AMONG THE distinguished guests vacationing in Maine are the Bay State's first citizens, Gov. and Mrs. Saltonstall, who with their daughter, Susan, are at Norin Haven, until Tuesday. At Seasideport, Joan Zimmerman of Winches, was among the resorters at Pleasant Point. "Fair Haven", here, is the choice of Mr. and Mrs. Dana Dutch of Waban.

Spending their days at Pop-ham Beach are Mr. and Mrs. John H. Beebe, Jr., and family, Margaret Towne, Waltham . . . Mr. and Mrs. George Adam and Dilla, Needham . . . and Mrs. Evangeline Hayes, Stoneham.

Also here are May Dixon of Cambridge; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wessel, Jr., Rosindale; Barbara and Verna Lewis of Wilmington; Belle Mason and Mrs. J. W. Isenberg of Newtonville.

Margaret Esleek, Greenfield, is at Kennebunkport, for several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Julien and son, Eugene, North Abington, are at Kennebunk Pond.

Dr. and Mrs. Austin Cheever, Boston, are spending several weeks at Bluff Beach. Marion H. Smith, Reading, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Bruton, Water-Mrs. Newell Page, Winchester, is Olive Moulton, Lowell.

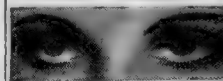
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Quimby and daughter, Elizabeth, Walpole, are resorting at Cape Neddick; Roland Ellis, Watertown, has joined his wife at York Beach.

Helen Hutchins, Worcester, is at Kennebunk Beach, Me., until after Labor Day. Claire Sullivan, Newton, is there for three weeks.

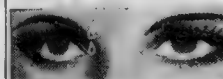
Marjorie S. Twombly, Boston, is spending a month at Goose Beach. At the "Atlantis" at Kennebunk Beach are Mr. and Mrs. George Russell, Weston, and Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Turner, Waban.

Joan Cockerlie, Stoneham, is at Old Orchard Beach for remainder of season. Eleanor Willey, New Bedford, was at the beach all last week.

EYES TIRED?



TWO DROPS



QUICK RELIEF

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.

TRIAL OFFER! Send 10c for generous sample bottle of Murine. Address The Murine Co., Dept. FR-2, Chicago.



MURINE
for
YOUR EYES

Cape Cod Resorters

MANY BOSTONIANS will wind up their active summer vacation this week-end with the coming of Labor Day putting a final touch on their holiday.

Making an early return to the city are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shee of Waltham, and their tiny daughter, Maire, who spent the season at South Yarmouth.

Vacationing on the Cape, at Wianno, are Mr. and Mrs. J. Arthur Moir of Chestnut Hill, accompanied by son, Ronnie . . . Shirley Ellis of Belmont, at Oyster Harbors . . . Rose Crane of Dalton . . . at Wianno.

Others summering here are Chestnut Hill residents including Sidney Hinkle and Bennie Hechsenr at Wianno; Mrs. William Sheuden of Concord, and her house guest, Jean Enley, at Wianno; Mr. and Mrs. Channing Wells of Southboro and Mr. and Mrs. George Walker of Boston.

Serving on the committee . . . aiding the Cape Cod National War Fund . . . were Mrs. Guido R. Perez, Mrs. Bernard Carter, Mrs. Louis Thatcher of Milton.



LABOR DAY BRIDE . . . Betty Eichorn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lawrence Eichorn of West Medford, who tomorrow will walk down the aisle of St. Raphael's Church, West Medford, to plight her troth with Dr. Richard Stanton, son of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Stanton of Newton Center.

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DOROTHY JOANNE Schroeder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harold Schroeder of Brighton and Plymouth, whose betrothal to Lt. Douglas Nelson Leaman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Leaman of Allston, has just been announced.

Women Convene

Past Commander Ann V. Hanley of Jamaica Plain will represent the Department of Massachusetts, Women's Auxiliary, Disabled American Veterans at the 21st annual national convention of the organization to be held in Denver, Colorado.

Elizabeth Arden Powders
are Precision Blended

HIT-OR-MISS mixing of face powders is like hit-or-miss blending of anything else . . . a failure nine-tenths of the time. Don't trust YOUR good looks to any such guesswork when you can have the color blended scientifically by Elizabeth Arden herself. Their subtly modulated shades are accomplished by exact formulas, guarded by instruments of hair-breadth delicacy, blended with the utmost skill in a laboratory of the most modern equipment. They are sifted and mixed again and again, at speeds comparable to high-powered airplanes. They are seduced to incredible delicacy of texture by being forced at tremendous pressure through silken mesh fine as butterfly wings. There is no guesswork about Elizabeth Arden Powders. There are many glorious shades to complement the skin . . . among them the one YOUR skin needs for beauty. Used alone, or with the famed Two Powder Technique, these inimitable powders will open up to you a whole world of loveliness.

ILLUSION POWDER, 1.75 and 3.00 CAMEO POWDER, 1.75 and 3.00 (Prices plus freight)

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Gay Events On Holiday

RAY STATE RESORTERS at beautiful Lake Sunapee are turning out for the old-fashioned country fair to take place tomorrow at the Lake George at Sunapee. Exhibits of canned goods, fruit and vegetables and live stock will be held to be followed by a dinner with contest entertainment.

A gay feature of the weekend is the sailing races to be held under the direction of Richard J. Harris of Chestnut Hill. A number of the paintings of Dunster, Mrs. Howard of Winton, includes today at the Town Hall and Library, New London.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Arthur and family of Quincy and Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Mansour of Bostonville are at the Cape Cod, New London. Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Kersey of Boston and Mrs. R. A. Selby of Boston, Olive A. McLaughlin and Sylvia J. McLaughlin of Middleboro, Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Arrington of Lynn are at the Brocklebank.

New London Inn guests include Mrs. Langley D. Roake of Needham, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hubbard, John W. Pinard of Brockline, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Harris of Waban and P. R. Schumann of Boston.

Vacationing at Twin Lake Villa are Mrs. Mary E. Hattie, Francis Hattie, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Whitman, and Mrs. John L. Pukett of Lynn.



NANCY JONES and June Taylor of Wakefield and Oyster Harbor take advantage of a daily dip in the pool at the Corinthian Yacht Club in scenic Marblehead, where they participate in all the summer activities of the younger set.

So. Shore Folk At Egypt Bridge

DREAMWOLD HALL, Egypt, was the scene of one of the season's most successful bridges during the past week. The party held under the direction of Mrs. Jack Conway, Mrs. Bernard J. Killian and Mrs. Michael Stewart, was in aid of St. Mary's Church, Scituate.

Among those present were Mrs. Frank Burns, Mrs. William Hamilton, Mrs. Robert O'Hearn, Mrs. Frank Perry, Mrs. Mathew McGrath, Mrs. Henry Tougas, Dr. Mary Moore Beatty, Mrs. William Reynolds, Mrs. Charles Klejber, Mrs. William J. Foley, Mrs. George Freeman, Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. Frank Sullivan, Mrs. Paul Canty and Mrs. James Flaherty.

Junior aides included Carolyn Conway, Patty Foley, Barbara and Dorothy Killian, Eleanor DiPesa, Pat and Betty Bradley, Ethel Moore and Mary Perry, directed by Mrs. Francis Jepson.

Juniors Plan No. Shore Dance

CLIMAXING THE SUMMER season on the North Shore will be a supper dance to be sponsored by the junior members tomorrow evening at the Corinthian Yacht Club, Marblehead.

Among those attending the senior dance last evening were Mr. and Mrs. Allie Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bergin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brennan, Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Bushnell, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Connolly, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Eaton, and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Davis.

Others included Dr. and Mrs. Frank Marvin, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Day, Lt. and Mrs. J. H. Freely, Dr. and Mrs. Z. W. Colson, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Paige, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Poor, Mr. and Mrs. Thayer Quimby, Mr. and Mrs. George Bousa, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scully, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tierney, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Waterhouse and Mr. and Mrs. William Welch.

Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

Sgt. Muriel J. Wood, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George T. Baker of Marlboro st., Boston, has been awarded the Good Conduct Medal at the Allied Air Forces headquarters in Italy, where she has been for 7 months. Assigned to the Statistical Control Unit, Sgt. Wood is an alumna of Wellesley College. Prior to her enlistment in the WAC she was employed at Lever Brothers.

Completing the educational aide course at the Cushing General Hospital in Framingham, were Mrs. Warren Beach of Canton rd., Waban; Mrs. Lorraine Holmes, Oakwood st., Newtonville; and Adrienne E. Smith, Quatonna st., Auburndale. They will assist the Army in the educational reconditioning program.

WAVES Blanche Adler of Ashton st., Beverly; Rita A'Hearn, Chelsea st., Everett; Jeanne Ashworth, Oriole rd., Westwood; and Ruth Dean, Hobart st., East Braintree, are undergoing their basic training.

Serving at the WAC detachment in Robinson, Arkansas, is Pvt. Marie A. McEachern, daughter of Mrs. R. F. Cavanaugh of Boylston st., Boston.

Lt. Agnes McElhenney, USNR, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McElhenney of Brighton, is betrothed to Charles Mark Middleworth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Middleworth of Cowden, Illinois. The bride-elect, a graduate of Regis College and the Newton Hospital, is stationed at the Naval Air Station in Melbourne, Florida. Her fiancé is serving as an aviation maintenance material officer at the same post.

At Camp Pineale, Fresno, California, Pvt. Lillian C. Morrell of Jerome st., Dorchester, is stationed, serving with the 462 Army Air Force Base Unit.

Cpl. Catherine Irene Smith, daughter of Mrs. Julia A. Smith of Arlington Heights, is engaged to Joseph F. Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Miller, also of Arlington Heights. Cpl. Smith is stationed at Presque Isle. Her fiancé received a medical discharge from the ski troops at Ft. Hale, Col.

Assigned to the Army Air Forces at the Tactical Center at Orlando, Fla., is Pvt. Ruth M. Heffernan, daughter of Mr. Joseph M. Heffernan of Tennyson st., West Roxbury.

Also serving at this post at Orlando, Fla., is Pvt. Mary A. Burke, daughter of Mrs. Thomas J. Burke of Union st., Brighton. Prior to this assignment she was attached to Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.

Ens. Allie Diana Fraser, USNR (W), daughter of Dean Cecil Eaton Fraser of Harvard Graduate School, became the bride of Lt. James Otis Seamans, USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dodge Seamans of Salem.

Ensigns Elaine C. Ray of Malden, Margaret R. McDonough of Dorchester and Katherine M. Hannon of South Boston all received their commissions at exercises held at the Coast Guard Academy, New London, Ct.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Leading Skin Specialists recommend Nivea and Nivea Removers as the best Electric Needle Specialists in New England.
ROSE RAPPOPORT
2 Winter St., Boston
Consultation Invited. No. 1206 118, 5346

Beauty

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

THIS is the time of year when our thoughts turn to youth... shops feature back-to-school costumes, college students are packing their sweaters and skirts, and high-schoolers are praying that this year they will be considered "smooth."

So, also, we think of the greatest beauty problem of the adolescent... that of acne and skin eruptions.

The modern paraphrase, "Cleanliness is requisite to beauty," should be dimmed into the ears of every girl-child... and of the boys, too, who suffer agonies of self-consciousness through adolescence.

If they could be made to realize that actually they are not keeping their skin scrupulously clean... if mothers wouldn't dismiss their unhappy state with "It's just your age"... many of them would find that they needn't blush and weep over pimples and ugly eruptions.

This condition, of course, is partly due to physiological adjustments in the young body, and to an excess oiliness of the skin. However, the use of a fine almond cleansing meal for cleansing will improve greatly any complexion... young or old... and will clear up the condition completely in most cases.

Cold cream is too heavy and rich for such skins; soap and water scrubbing helps, but doesn't penetrate away down into those oil-clogged pores as does this soft almond meal. It is used as a pack, left on from 5 to 15 minutes nightly.

When you remove it with warm water, you find the texture of your skin petal-smooth. The wonderful thing is that it is not drying, as many packs are.

Call me at Liberty 4000, or write, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope, for more information about this splendid, "famous name" cleansing meal.

Pattern



Pattern 9249 comes in children's sizes 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 jumper and jacket, requires 2 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric; 1/2 yard contrast.
Send 20 cents in coins for these patterns to the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Box No. 185, Pattern Dept., 243 West 17th st., New York 11, N. Y.

Don Juan
MILLION DOLLAR
Lipstick
STAYS ON!

4 Beauty Extras

- DON JUAN STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, soapy effect.
- LIPS LOOK LOVELY** without frequent retouching. Try today
- NOT DRYING OR SMOEY.** Imparts appealing "glamorous" look. Creamy smooth—easily applied.
- STYLE SHADES.** Try Military Red, rich glowing, admired by beauty editors. 6 other shades.

Do less use \$1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Last extra. Matching powder and rouge. Total cost at the stores.

HEADS ABOVE the CROWDS by MADAME YVONNE

MADAME YVONNE
FAMOUS HAIR STYLIST
CONSULT TO THE
MOVIE STARS IS
ALSO A CHILD'S
HAIR EXPERT!

NOW—YOUR LITTLE GIRL CAN HAVE ADORABLE BECOMING CURLS! YVONNE WILL DESIGN A WAVE TO SUIT YOUR DAUGHTER'S PERSONALITY!

CHILDREN 4 TO 12 YEARS \$6.50 CUSTOM-OIL PERMANENT Combs

GUEST STARS
BELITA
BEAUTIFUL SCENIC STARS
NOW APPEAR IN BOSTON
ASIDE FROM BEING THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER IS A SWIMMER, BALLET AND BALLROOM DANCER!

Mme Yvonne
77 Tremont St. HUB. 0846

Busy Days For Theater

By JOYCE DANA
Drama Editor

WE CAN settle down to a happy fall, now that "Life With Father" is back. The repeat business is amazing, we hear.

Carl Benton Reid, a sterling actor, makes a grand "Father," even surpassing the high expectations of those who saw him in "The Little Foxes," "Papa Is All" and "The Cherry Orchard." And Betty Linley's Mother Day is just as satisfactory.

TOMORROW NIGHT brings two openings, "Wallflower" at the Plymouth and "Down to Miami" at the Shubert. The latter is a premiere, with Edgar McGregor as producer. It is a comedy by Conrad Weiserelt concerning two families in different social strata whose children fall in love. Robert Leonard, Elaine Ellis and Charles Lang head the cast.

"Wallflower," which enjoyed a successful run on Broadway last year, was written by Mary Orr... another actress-author... and Reginald Denham, playwright-director.

This comedy brings Betty Hlythe back to the stage after many years in pictures... the youngsters won't remember her starring roles... as the mother. The story is that of two-half-sisters, one a glamour girl and the other what the title suggests.

MAIL ORDERS are pouring into the Shubert for the Theater Guild's "Othello," which brings Paul Robeson back on Sept. 11 in his wonderful performance as the Moor, and Joe Farrow as one of the finest Iagos in history, to say nothing of Uta Hagen's delicate and lovely Desdemona.

Margaret Webster and Robeson are the proud producers.

ALSO OPENING on Sept. 11 is a new play called "Men to the Sea," which Dave Wolper will present at the Wilbur. Toni Gilman is in the leading role, and the cast includes Joyce Matthews, Randolph Echoles, Michael Strong, Paul Crabtree, Tom Noonan, Maggie Gould, Marjorie Cramer, James Elliot, Mildred Smith, Maurice Ellis and Joe Verdi.

MIRIAM HOPKINS and Victor Jory sounds like a delightful bit of co-starring in the advance releases on "The Perfect Marriage," Samson Raphaelson's new play which Cheryl Crawford will present at the Plymouth on Monday evening, Sept. 13.

UPTOWN
Fred MacMurray
POORLY LABORED • BETTY HUTTEN
'AND THE ANGELS SING'
Only Marshall "Ladies of Washington"

EXETERKEN 7067
Entire Week
IRENE DUNNE
THE
WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER
Short Films

CAMBRIDGE SUMMER THEATRE
BRATTLE MALL, TWO, 1465
and RE SPECIAL HOLIDAY MAT. TONW 2:30
***WALTER HAMPDEN**
starring in sparkling comedy
"COME BE MY LOVE"
Next Previews: Fred Astaire by Edward G. Robinson
Prints: Sat. at 8:30, 10 to 11:30 PLUS
Saturdays Sat. at 2:30, 10 to 11:30 PLUS

SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW
Page 12—BOSTON, SUNDAY, SEPT. 3, 1944



PAULETTE GODDARD stars with Sonny Tufts in "I Love a Soldier," now at Metropolitan.



KATHARINE HEPBURN in "Dragon Seed," now showing at the Loews State and Orpheum.

Winners Named
Winners of the "Life With Father" word contest, sponsored by the producers of the famous comedy, are herewith announced.
A \$25 war bond has been sent to each of the following winners: Herbert H. Yeames, Alice Seaver, Edna D. Parks, Mrs. Alberta N. Burton, Alwyn Tweedy, Mrs. Vanda S. Steele, John E. Thayer, Mrs. Emma Sangunetti, Mrs. Ralph C. Williamson and Ens. Paul F. Hamilton.

GLOBE
SUNDAY
Stars MIDNIGHT
MAXINE DESHON • GEORGE MURRAY
The Modern Bombshell • Sensational Funster
EILEEN HUBERT • SAMMY SPEARS
Delightful & Charming • Clever Comedian
LEW DENNY • MAXINE MILLER • BILLY STERN • EDDIE HOWARD • JOEY BANKS
A Marvel • Clever Orator • Songster • Musical Comedy • Colored Stoppo
★ 30 GLOBETTES—CAST OF 60 PEOPLE ★
NEXT SUNDAY MIDNIGHT—MIMI LYNN

18th BIG WEEK!

Frany Wolf's
THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
with JENNIFER JONES
Winning Performance!

THE COOL MAJESTIC
SHUBERT
Midnight 8:30 to 11:30 P.M.
SUNDAY 2:30 to 11:30 P.M.
SUNDAY 2:30 to 11:30 P.M.
SUNDAY 2:30 to 11:30 P.M.
SUNDAY 2:30 to 11:30 P.M.



PHIL REGAN, Boston's favorite singing star, now on stage at RKO Boston.



FETTE DAVIS in "Mr. Skeffington," coming to Paramount and Fenway Thursday.

OPEN DAILY AND SUNDAYS
CORAL GABLES
Ted FIO-RITO
and his ORCHESTRA
SUNDAY
Labor Day Eve
DANCING • ENTERTAINMENT
MUSIC • 8 P. M. to 4 A. M.
NO DOOR COVER TILL 7:30 P. M.

PROVEN
TRENTON • NORMANDIE
25 JUL 25
HUMPHREY BOGART
BATHING BEAUTY
ACTION AND ATLANTIC
FRANK
SINATRA
HIGHER & HIGHER
SQUARE
MEDICINE
C. GRANT • J. GARFIELD
DANCING MASTER
JOHN WAYNE
OLD SOUTH
ST. PAUL FALLS
and St. James Ford
FORTRESS JAPAN

Boston Burlesque

Midnight shows at the two Boston burlesque houses assure fans a very gay holiday morn.

Fun at the Globe will start when the curtain rises at 12:01 tomorrow morning to bring before the eyes of the public a new candidate for beauty's hall of fame, Maxine Deshone. Another headliner favorite of burlesque fans, Eileen Hubert, will be presented.

Among the vaudeville headliners are Maxine Miller, exotic dancer; Billy Stern, popular singer; Eddy Howard, banjo artist, and Joey Banks, speedy dancer.

As the Old Howard, Scarlett Kelly, a captivating lovely, is the star attraction.



JOYCE MATTHEWS in "Men to the Sea," coming to the Wilbur Monday, Sept. 11.

He wanted to kill Spencer Tracy
M. G. M.
proudly presents
SPENCER TRACY
at his greatest in
The SEVENTH CROSS
COMING SOON

M.P. Theatres MOVIE GUIDE
NOW! METROPOLITAN AIR-CONDITIONED
GODDARD TUFTS FITZGERALD PLUS 2nd Mat
"CRIME BY NIGHT"
Also "I Love a Soldier" with ERIC COWAN
STARTS THURS. CARMEN MIRANDA DON AMECHE "GREENWICH VILLAGE" WILLIAM BENDIX Plus "ROGER TOWNY, GANGSTER"
PARAMOUNT AND FENWAY FEED MACMURRAY SONNY BARBARA STANWORTH EDWARD C. ROBINSON
"DOUBLE INDEMNITY" Also "A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN" with LEO BATH TERRY
OLYMPIA SCOLLAY MODERN YOUR SETTING "THE DAWN" "OPEN ROAD" "THE ANGELS SING" with E. H. HUBERT and "DAVEY GLOBE" TONYA TONYA
CLEVELAND CIRCLE Circle Air Conditioned, Cont. 3-45-11 P.M. Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview
ORIENTAL Cont. 3-15-11 P.M. Air Conditioned
REGENCY Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview
ROSLINDALE Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview
RIALTO Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview
ROXBURY Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview
SHAWMUT Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview
HUMBOLDT Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview
PINUP GIRL Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview
WARREN Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview
SOMERVILLE Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview
Capitol-Ball Sq. Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview
CENTRAL Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview
STAND Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview
FAIRMOUNT Walter "HOME IN INDIANA" in Glenview

Faithful Friends

by EYE JOLLY



Man's best friend in peace or war. Picture from Central Pacific of husky dog gazing at his marine master; does not give name of marine.

"Perhaps God has permitted the wolves to scourge you because of your sins. If only you would lead better lives, you would be friends of God and also friends of all creatures of God."

—ST. FRANCIS ASSISI.

MANY animals are thrown into frenzy by loud, sharp noises and people often think it smart to fill paper bags with air and explode them just to "watch Ric run."

Thoughtless cruelty, foisted on pets by apparently fond owners, is astounding. Puppies bought for vacation entertainment of children frequently have a difficult six weeks and must join with mother in relief at school bells in September.

If your pet is frightened by loud noises, isolate him in a small, quiet space with his bed, waterpan and toy. Make him comfortable and let him be alone. Fright of your own making is one of the most unnecessary cruelties to put upon your pet.

Many breeders will tell you that certain dogs are "shy" or "timid." In some instances these so called faults can be traced to bad breeding. Much more frequently they are due to mishandling and practical joking.

The English have advanced years in handling and treatment due to the necessity of protecting their pets during air raids. And from this necessity, after the war, we will learn a new set of rules to include in our list of kind treatment of our good pets.

Kittens suffer terribly from a child's "bear hug" and "keeping house." Kittens are easier than puppies for children to handle and almost at once the child wants to "give it a bath." Bathing is necessary in some instances, but neither tiny puppies nor kittens should be bathed by inexperienced hands. Cer-

tainly not by child hands. The application of anything to animals, cats, kittens, dogs or puppies, unless prescribed by a veterinarian, is dangerous.

Children have heard two false "old wives' tales," "cats have nine lives," "cats will always land on their feet." Both statements are false. A cat, dropped from a few inches above the ground, squarely, will usually land on all four feet. Children often throw kittens from great heights, just to test the rule. It's true that cats can take unusually good care of themselves, kittens can protect themselves somewhat, neither have nine lives. Children owning kittens or cats should understand thoroughly that they need loving care and kindness and light handling.

Scollay and Olympia

W. Somerset Maugham's shocking best seller, "The Hour Before Dawn," starring Veronica Lake and Franchot Tone, is now showing at the Washington Street Olympia and Scollay theaters. Sharing program honors is "Song of the Open Road."

TOUPEES-WIGS

Transformations Switches
Finest Quality
Groom, Workmanship
Special for Christmas
BEFORE T. B. MASSARO AFTER
1804 Tremont St. Boston, Mass.
Phone NE. 5-10-10 (1000 Buys 1937)

The Case of The Missing Jurist

Continued from Page 4

way for a swim. I'll be back tomorrow."

Where he was, or how he spent his time, from that moment until his early evening never could be ascertained.

AT ABOUT 7:30 p. m. he dropped into the Arrow Theater Ticket Agency, operated by a friend, Joseph Grainsky, and sought to buy a ticket for the evening's performance of the Shubert musical, "Dancing Partners." Grainsky told him he did not have a good enough seat at the moment, but would try to get one.

"You'll find it under your name at the box office," said Grainsky.

A few minutes later Crater entered Bay Plaza restaurant, at 332 W. 45th st., only a short distance from the ticket agency. There he espied another friend, William Klein, an attorney, who was sitting at a table close to the entrance with Sally Lou Ritz, a showgirl. Klein, who did legal work for the Shuberts, invited Crater to join them at dinner, and he did so.

Meanwhile, Grainsky succeeded in reserving a ticket for Crater, and this ticket was picked up at the box office, but at what time and by whom never could be discovered. We do know, however, that Crater remained in the restaurant until well after certain time, until at least 9:15.

It was at that moment, according to Klein and Miss Ritz, that he parted from them outside the restaurant and climbed into a taxicab. The cab moved off in a westerly direction, its st. being a west bound street.

THAT was the last authenticated glimpse anyone had of Joseph Force Crater, alive or dead.

What he had done with the two brief cases and six folders of papers we do not know. Nor do we know how much money he had on him—it could have been as little as \$5 or as much as \$5,000. As for the taxicab, that never could be traced, according to the police. It certainly would be interesting to know why the driver chose not to identify himself and tell his story.

On the morning of the 7th, the Crater maid entered the apartment at about 9 o'clock, and found no one there. Crater's bed was in disarray, but there was no way of telling when it had last been slept in.

In Maine Mrs. Crater grew increasingly perturbed as her husband failed to return. She made several telephone calls to friends of his in New York, and they assured her that, while they had not seen him, he must be all right, and probably engaged with business matters. However, she wondered why he hadn't called.

Finally, on Aug. 15, she dispatched the Crater chauffeur, Fred Kahler, to New York to make inquiries.

Kahler, according to the story

given out by the authorities, contacted various persons, including Johnson, Crater's secretary, and learned nothing to cause him alarm. Accordingly, he wired Mrs. Crater to that effect and returned to Maine. There was no publicity about the matter at that time, it was explained later, because Crater's friends felt that such publicity would damage his career.

However, when Aug. 25—the day Crater was to resume his duties—came and passed without word of or from him, Mrs. Crater hastened to New York and began a frantic search, assisted chiefly by Detective Leo Lowenthal, another friend of the jurist. It was largely from information gathered by Lowenthal that Police Commissioner Mulrooney based his expressed opinion that Crater had planned to disappear.

IN A search of the Crater apartment, Detective Lowenthal found that Crater had left his card case, fountain pen and his watch and chain, each of which carried his monogram, on his bedroom table. However, Lowenthal did not believe, the police said, that the jurist had divested himself of these articles to prevent carrying marks of identification. Crater had also divested himself of the vest to the brown suit he had been wearing, so the detective assumed that Crater had removed the vest, as well as the other articles, because Aug. 25 had been a hot day and he did not wish to be encumbered.

"There is nothing to sustain the belief that Justice Crater is dead from any cause," said Mulrooney on Sept. 5. In another statement a week later, he marked, "If we could find some of his papers, we might learn the reason for his disappearance."

Incidentally, Mrs. Crater returned to Maine before the story broke, and stayed there. She was to declare in a bitter statement made many months later that she did this on the advice of her husband's friends and associates. Her refusal to come to New York caused her to be criticized by both Mulrooney and the grand jury, which began an investigation of the disappearance in mid-September.

The name of Mrs. Constance Braemer Marcus first entered the case on Sept. 12. An old friend of the jurist, she had been living at an uptown hotel, but apparently in the fall, soon as the news of Crater's disappearance broke into print. It was said that she had expected to have supper with Crater after the theater on Aug. 6, and had been distressed when he failed to appear.

It developed that Crater had

been seeing Mrs. Marcus rather regularly for seven years, and had been contributing to her support to the extent of \$80 to \$90 a month. She was not the butterfly type by any means, having earned her own living since divorcing her husband, Louis Marcus. At the time of Crater's disappearance, she was employed as a saleswoman in a 57th st. dress shop.

ON SEPT. 18, Samuel Buchler, an attorney, testified before the grand jury that on Aug. 5 a woman who gave the name of Lorraine Fay had consulted him relative to pressing a breach of promise suit for \$100,000 against Crater. She did not return to his office to press her contemplated suit after the first call, he said.

"The woman came to me on Aug. 5," he testified. "I didn't know why she selected me until she said that she had seen my name in the newspapers in a law suit, and wanted me to take her case." He produced a memorandum bearing the woman's name, the date, and the notation, "No cause for action—will bring letters." Buchler added that the woman was richly dressed and wore many jewels.

"She said she had letters from the judge and would bring them to me, but she never came back," he said.

Buchler's appearance in the case followed receipt by the district attorney of an anonymous letter mentioning the Fay matter. The letter included the statement, "I have also learned that the case has been closed in consideration of \$5000 paid by Judge Crater to Buchler's client."

There were no further developments in connection with this phase of the case. The New York Times on Sept. 22 made the statement, "Lorraine Fay . . . is believed to be Connie Marcus." On that same day, Mulrooney stated that he had questioned Mrs. Marcus, and that her "amazingly candid" story had failed to furnish any clues.

She admitted that she left town after the story broke to avoid humiliation and embarrassment.

ON OCT. 7 a safety deposit box which Crater had at the Empire Trust Co., 120 Broadway, was opened and found completely empty. The authorities admitted that they had expected the box to yield much in the way of clues. Several days later it was revealed that Crater had left behind ap-

Continued on Page 15



Be Beautiful AS THE STARS!

Lyn Logan opening at the Shubert Theatre in "Down to Miami" on Monday, Sept. 4.

NASAL CORRECTIONS

Humped, long, crooked, fractured and all other nasal disturbances corrected permanently in about 30 minutes through the inside of the nose without scars. No paraffin or wax used.

NEW ROTATION FACE LIFT—Many years can be erased from your appearance in less than an hour by Dr. Bernstein's new method.

EYE REJUVENATION—Crow's feet, superfluous wrinkles around the eyes removed quickly through a non-surgical method.

Thick, protruding and unshapely lips corrected permanently.

OUTSTANDING EARS corrected through a new technique to match your other features.

MASDIQUE—A liquid treatment for removal of a blemished poor complexion.

ACNE TREATMENT—New treatment with fine results.

LADY ASSISTANT IN ATTENDANCE

Dr. Harry B. Bernstein
100 Baylston Street, Boston
Phone 513-914 Telephone LBN 0005
9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Daily and by Appointment

Go the Side

by E.V. DURLING

OLIVE SCHREINER, author of the "Story of an African Farm," persuaded the man she married to call himself "Mr. Schreiner." I cannot fall in with the idea of

a husband taking his wife's maiden name except in cases where the lady might get a rough deal in the change of names. As for example, when a girl named Stevens marries a man with a name like Muckenfuss or Diddlebock. It is not fair that a sweet, trusting innocent girl who had a name like Miss Kathleen Stevens should be compelled to go through the rest of her life being called Mrs. Herman Muckenfuss or Mrs. Otto Diddlebock. By the way, what kind of a deal did your wife get when she exchanged her name for yours?

Too high heels throw a woman's figure out of line, states a student of the feminine form. The women then tries to correct this with girdles, corsets and some peculiar system of streamlining. This procedure has a tendency to make the lady irritable and quarrelsome. This is very hard on her loving husband. It is said 70 per cent of women accused of nagging in divorce suits are high heel wearers. So if your wife is quarrelsome and nags you don't blame her too much, it may just be her high heels that are making her act that way.

QUERIES from clients. Q.—Is it true the male outlives a plan of action and executes it much quicker than the female? A.—Certainly it is true. You can tell that by the way men always beat women to the vacant seats in the subway, buses and street cars. Q.—Wasn't Dr. Mary Walker the first feminine physician in the United States? A.—First woman physician was Dr. Mary Walker, an Army surgeon in the Civil War, was the first woman in the United States to wear pants in public. She was permitted to do so legally by a special act of Congress passed for her benefit.

How much does the average hen's egg weigh? If you don't know and your wife doesn't either, why, you can have a guessing contest and then weigh an egg. Anyway, a brown Leghorn Cross White Sussex hen in England produced an egg weighing seven and three-quarters ounces. —Joan Crawford once had 777 as her automobile license number. So far I have never had an unusual house, telephone, post office box or automobile license number. Three is my lucky number and I will settle for a post office box numbered three-thirty-three.

BOUGHT a new hat yesterday. It is a brown hat looking exactly the same as all my other hats. I had thought of buying a gray hat but every time I mention that color hat my girl friend frowns and shakes her head indicating she doesn't care for the same. Do you think I am being bullied? Should I rebel, buy a gray hat and thus assert my manhood?

Last night was at a movie theater that had the type of seats you can push back when somebody wishes to pass by. Certainly was a great relief. This type of seat should be in all film theaters. Speaking of seats, how about the distance between seats in street cars and buses? Shouldn't it be greater? Or aren't we long-legged guys entitled to comfort while riding? A Detroitier once informed me the seats in Chicago buses and street cars were

Has Chevalier's Curtain Fallen?

Continued from Page 6

were famous all over the world now, but Maurice always liked an audience to appear before. After he made "The Merry Widow" in Hollywood, he began to tire of the screen.

HE wanted to go back to France, but before he did, he made one memorable personal appearance at the Colonial Theater here. He sang "Les Deux Elephants," the sad tale of how Papa Elephant came up from the country and went to Paris, only to return to Mama Elephant weary, repentant and broke. There was no doubt then that Maurice was one of the great one-man entertainers and music hall artists of his day.

Back in France again, he and Yvonne Vallee were divorced after six years of marriage. They had sung together long before they were wed, but they were parted for good now even though one of their famous songs, oddly titled, "Do You Know How to Plant Cabbages," still lives on in France.

The years rolled by for Chevalier and he was still an idol on the Continent and he still kept the straw hat and the smile just as Harry Lauder always kept his kilt and the crooked cane. Hollywood tried to get him back, but he wouldn't come.

He preferred to make a few pictures in France and they were very smart pictures, too, gay and witty as Maurice himself.

When the war broke out and the English and French armies sat behind the lines in those first slow months, he sang a new song in the Army camps. It was "Victoire," and Victoire was the daughter of Madeleine, whose story the poet had sung in his first World War poem.

But when France fell he was at his villa at Cannes and from then on, he was accused of being a collaboratorist.

And now the smiling Frenchman may be dead. If he is, they'll still be singing his gay songs on the boulevards long after his straw hat and his smile have been forgotten.

"CONCEIT" Is God's gift to Little Minds.

Bruce Barton. Keep that in mind when inclined to be irritated by some beautiful but dumb brunette. It will help you to be more tolerant. As for the pipe, cigar discussion, I know a shop owner who has one of the most wonderful stocks of cigars in the country. Yet he smokes a pipe. As a cigar smoker I think this fellow must be a bit barmy but it is deal with both sides of all arguments, so score one for the pipe smokers.

"You once stated that after you changed from silk hose to wool hose you were never again bothered with corns," writes a Californian, "I had previously tried every known corn cure and remedy without results. Then I followed your idea of switching to wool hose. Within eight months my corns completely disappeared and my feet are again capable of carrying my 190 pounds without the least discomfort."

"You have stated what qualifies a person to be a young old-timer," writes a New Yorker. "Now tell us what an old-timer is." An old-timer is a man who remembers the following: Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, James A. Herne, Maggie Cline, Bonnie Maginn, Edna May, "Elbows" McFadden, "Pop" Anson, "Buck" Ewing, Jimmy Michaels, "Socksless Jerry" Simpson, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, Alexander Dowie and Otto Donkhorst, the Human Freight Car.

Case of the Missing Jurist

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proximately \$16,000 when he vanished—\$11,000 in cash in two savings accounts, and the remainder representing the amount to his credit on the books of his broker.

NOW we come to a development that is so fantastic—well, one's impulse is to say "is so fantastic as to be suspicious." Mrs. Crater had remained in Maine that fall and winter, and did not return to New York until January, 1931. On Jan. 21 she informed Dist. Atty. Crain that she had found in her top bureau drawer, which had supposedly been searched by police officers on Sept. 27, the following articles:

A large manila envelope containing \$6000 in \$1000, \$500, \$50 and 10 bills, and three checks for \$50, 12 and 9, made out to Crater and endorsed by him.

Another envelope containing stocks and bonds.

A binder holding three insurance policies.

A memorandum listing more than a score of persons who owed Crater money. This was headed "Confidential," was written in pencil on three sheets of paper, and was signed, "I am very weary, Joe."

One of the items read: "Libby Hotel—There will be a very large sum due me for services when city pays the 2 1/2 millions in condemnation."

Four of Crater's bankbooks were also found in the drawer. This story could be spun out

practically indefinitely—particularly if we recite all the rumors and "discoveries" but we would still end up nowhere. Eventually, Mrs. Crater collected a modest amount of insurance, and remarried, after having made the unprovable charge that the judge had been bribed at the instigation of politicians.

The bewildered reader might well ask at this point, "But what about all the evidence that indicated he planned to disappear?" All we can say to that is that we really don't know whether he actually did plan to disappear. The authorities produced the evidence, and the newspapers duly reported what they had to accept as the facts. As this reporter has already indicated, we do not know what, if anything, was fabricated and what was destroyed.

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Hedy's Ex Still Mystery

Continued from Page 3

the government. Yet so swiftly does the intricate situation change with the war in Europe that considerable speculation remains."

Mandi has always successfully guarded the secret of his apparent great wealth and his apparent great influence in world affairs. But this influence is known to have been international.

Aside from his inheritance of the family munitions factories in Austria, he was general manager of the Nederlandsche Patroon Slagkoofer and Metal Works of Dordrecht, Holland. He had interests in five Spanish arms factories, and huge shares in the Skoda works in Czechoslovakia and the Schneider-Cresus arms factories in France.

The least mysterious of his achievements is his marriage to Hedy Lamarr, who was then and is now so beautiful that it could puzzle no one that even a millionaire of Mandi's status would be glad to marry her.

The glamorous Hedy has long since been divorced from Mandi and more recently from Gene Markey, the Hollywood producer, and is now married to John Loder, the handsome English actor with whom she appears to be completely happy.

HEDY was a "teen-age girl," seeking a stage career in Vienna, when the fabulously wealthy Mandi first met her. He was considerably older, but he won her over the competition of younger and less established men.

Hedy had already appeared in "Ecstasy," and her bridegroom, deeply shocked and resentful that his young wife's lissome and unclad form was being viewed by picture-goers over most of the world, is said to have

spent millions to try up and confiscate all prints of the "Ecstasy" film.

But it was a futile attempt, for certain film magnates had retained the master negative, and were able to restock their theaters with copies according to popular demand.

Mandi installed Hedy in a gilded castle in Vienna which Hedy later referred to as a gilded cage. Although he lavished every luxury upon her, he was jealous to a point of morbidity, she later claimed, and refused to allow her the companionship of her youthful contemporaries. He insisted that she preside at parties, conducted with old-world formality and restraint, at which the more elderly aristocrats of Austria might admire her beauty. There were trips to the Lido, to Capri and Lake Como and the Frenza Riviera, but there was no freedom or gaiety for Hedy.

She has later told how she rebelled against this golden prison, and how she fled from her husband across Europe while he desperately pursued her. Taking shelter with friends in Paris, she subsequently communicated with him and both agreed to a divorce which she obtained in Riga.

WHEN Mandi visited this country in 1940, he and Hedy failed to meet. Mandi was concerned with his new wife, the Baroness Schneider, and with his "bicycle industry." The man of many millions and three beautiful wives is still an enigma to the world. But enigma or not, the State Department has turned thumbs down on his exploits in Argentina. Whether he is making bicycles for good neighbors, or munitions for the enemy, the State Department will have none of them.

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